



# MERRY ENGLAND

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ONE SHILLING.]

[MONTHLY.

SEPTEMBER, 1887.

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It is proposed therefore to send to the Sovereign Pontiff, from Great Britain, a Library of the Catholic Books produced during the last fifty years. In dealing with the publications during this memorable period of literary activity, it will be necessary to limit the collection to original works, and to exclude unmanageable numbers of prayer books, school books, juvenile story books, and the like. It is intended, however, that all departments of Literature should be represented, whether grave or gay; and, in case of pamphlets of historic interest, the difficulty of size will be met by collecting these together into volumes. The whole of the books will be uniformly bound in white—the Pope's colour—and stamped with the Pope's Arms. A complete catalogue of the books will be printed on vellum, for presentation to His Holiness, in which the names of all donors will be recorded.

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All communications should be addressed to the Honorary Secretary, MR. PAUL STRICKLAND, at the Oratory, London, to whom P.O.O. and cheques are to be made payable, crossed National Provincial Bank of England.

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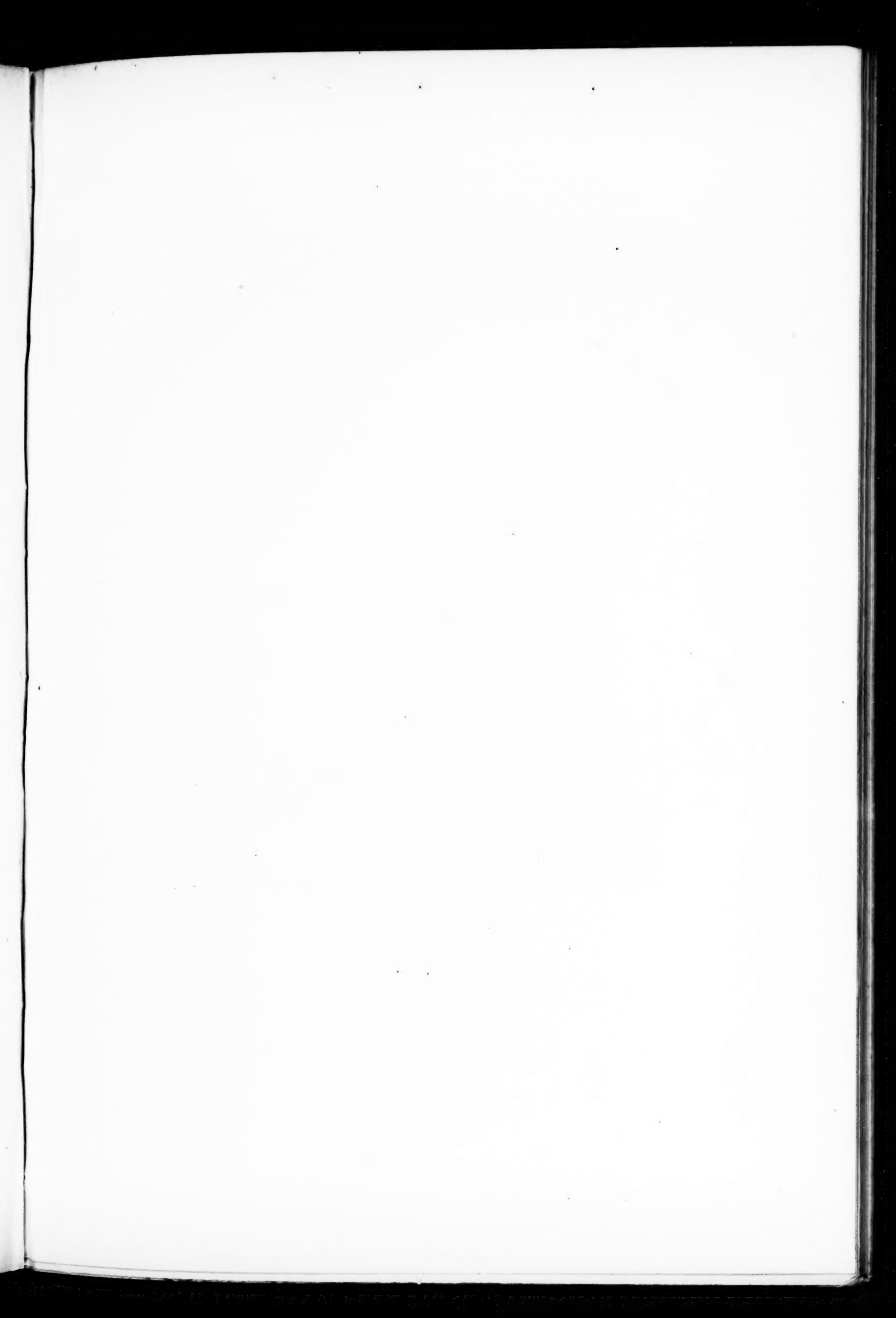
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# MERRY ENGLAND

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SEPTEMBER, 1887.

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## Some Reminiscences.

THE lines appended to this paper were strung together many years ago, when I had charge, as curate, of a parish in the diocese of Salisbury, attached to that of Bremhill, of which the poet Bowles was then rector. Both parishes were situated within three miles, though in different directions and with no connecting road, of the town which was the scene of a marvellous incident in the life of St. Dunstan, and which Charles Lamb, in his "Essays of Elia," calls "sweet Calne in Wiltshire." Bowles, when I was brought into relations with him, was an old man, and looked it. He can hardly be said to have retired from the world of letters, for he had published a volume of poems the year before I knew him, and still occasionally indulged in some archæological speculation or the interpretation of Scriptural prophecies and symbols, mere flights of fancy, unworthy of serious notice ; but, as he would say, it amused him to write them and to print them.

In his Introduction to the poet's collected works—which, however, do not include his "Scenes and Shadows of Days Departed," to which the author had prefixed an interesting and, as

I recollect, a very amusing account of his early life—Gilfillan (who, by the way, styles him in the title-page Canon of St. Paul's instead of Salisbury) says that *Blackwood's Magazine* for August, 1828, contained a very entertaining description of Bremhill Parsonage; by which was, no doubt, meant its occupant. Entertaining, certainly, he was, and the more so because he harboured no such intention, and was perfectly unconscious of the effect he was producing. He was remarkable for his grave simplicity and innocence, and his almost childish ignorance of common things, which no false shame tempted him to conceal; or, rather, there was no temptation in the case, for he regarded such things as not lying within his ken. Sensitive and timorous to a degree—so timorous that in *Fraser's Magazine* he was represented carrying a large cotton umbrella and wearing a heavy cloak in the dog-days, to protect himself from the apprehended bites of rabid individuals of the canine species—both his speech and manner were singularly manly. He always spoke with full-toned voice and with a frank, decided emphasis. Indeed, with all the cultured courtesy of a well-bred gentleman of the old school, he was very downright in the expression of his sentiments. A gentler, kinder-hearted being never existed, but he was possessed of strong antipathies, which he never disguised. He belonged to the *irritabile genus*, and, probably from consciousness of his weakness, if a remark was addressed to him with which he did not sympathize, or which he did not choose to notice, he would put down his ear-trumpet—for he was very deaf, or professed to be so—and seemed to pass out of sight and sound of everything around him. Moore, who lived on the road to Devizes, and whom I once met at Bowles's table, while cordially testifying to his literary talent and engaging virtues, and to the charm of his conversation, gives in his *Diary* some amusing traits of his brother poet's idiosyncracies, and particularly of his absence of mind in company; when he might be overheard engaged in colloquy with himself, but in no ill-natured



way, respecting the assembled guests, or following *sotto voce* some train of thought that had rambled into his mind. Among his other oddities, he always pronounced French in the sturdy John Bull fashion of Boney's days; as though the English tongue were the sole absolute standard of human speech. With what right did a Frenchman spell his words in one way and pronounce them in another? It was a piece of affectation which no true Briton would deign to copy. In short, Bowles was what is commonly called a "character," and of a race which no longer exists; but his eccentricities were of a most harmless and amiable kind, and he was as much beloved as he was venerated—unless an exception must be made in the case of the Calvinistic clergy of the neighbouring town, who had scant sympathy with his sober orthodoxy, and whose tenets he abhorred. On the other hand, he would never allow there was any genuine poetry in Keble, and would cite as the ground of his judgment some phrase that offended his taste or jarred upon his ear.

Such was William Lisle Bowles at the time I made his acquaintance. But this feeble old man had been a distinguished personage in his day, and a redoubtable one, too, as was shown in the persistent courage with which he, at first single-handed, encountered Byron, who never spared a foe, and a whole host of other literary athletes. He was a ripe and elegant scholar, a diligent student of antiquities, an accomplished musician, a clever and acute logician, and, above all, a poet of pure and tender sentiment, generally of a pathetic and melancholy cast, conveyed in a smooth and mellifluous flow of song. He has been called "the father of modern English poetry," which, in a sense, he may be said to have been, as having introduced a simpler and less artificial style of writing than had previously prevailed—a style which Coleridge, and especially Wordsworth, were subsequently to illustrate and to perfect with their richer imagination and more powerful genius. In Bowles's poetry, as there was nothing ever frivolous or morbid, so neither was there anything of passion, of grand conception, or of profound thought, but it was

ever tender and true ; it evinced a delicate appreciation of the aspects of Nature in her softest moods, and "over all," as Gilfillan aptly expresses it, "there lies a sweet autumnal moonlight of pensive and gentle feeling." Where he excelled was in "interpreting the language of the bells, now of Ostend, now of Oxford, describing the dingles of Coombe Ellen, echoing the fall of the river Avon, heard in his sick-chamber at Bath, or catching on his mind-mirror the 'Distant View of England from the Sea.'" But that his mild and pensive muse had a sensible effect on his more celebrated successors and contemporaries is clear from the testimony of Moore, who says, in a note to "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," that it was his "exquisite poetical genius which, by their own confession, originally inspired both Wordsworth and Coleridge." The acknowledgment of the latter we have in his own words :—

"My heart has thanked thee, Bowles ! for those soft strains,  
Whose sadness soothes me like the murmuring  
Of wild-bees in the sunny showers of spring !  
For hence, not callous to the mourner's pains,  
Through youth's gay prime and thornless paths I went ;  
And when the mightier throes of mind began,  
And drove me forth a thought-bewildered man,  
Their mild and manliest melancholy lent  
A mingled charm, such as the pang consigned  
To slumber, though the big tear it renewed ;  
Bidding a strange, mysterious pleasure brood  
Over the wavy and tumultuous mind,  
As the Great Spirit erst with plastic sweep  
Moved o'er the darkness of the unformed deep."

It is sad to have to record that when the writer of these lines and the subject of them, who had struck up, in epistolary correspondence, a sort of sympathetic friendship, met face to face, the liking which had been fostered at a distance underwent a mutual revulsion, so thorough and complete that, all the time that Coleridge resided at Calne, the two men saw little of each other, and neither concealed the disappointment he had experienced. Un-



fortunately, also, Coleridge's habits at that period were not such as to inspire respect.

It was in 1789 that Bowles, in early manhood, published the fourteen sonnets which first brought him into notice. They were composed (but not committed to paper) abroad, where, as he wrote in 1837, he had "sought forgetfulness of the first disappointment in early affection"—alluding to the death of the young lady to whom he had been engaged—and were printed at Bath. Southey was described by the printer, Crutwell, who did not know his name, as "a particularly handsome and pleasing youth, lately from Westminster School." More than forty years afterwards, he paid Bowles a visit at Bremhill, "when stealing time and sorrow had marked his still manly and most interesting countenance." They parted at the rectory garden-gate, and, never having met before, they never met again.

The best and fullest account of Bowles that I have seen is that given in Knight's *English Cyclopædia*. The biographer does full justice to his poetical powers, and also to his ability and versatility as a prose-writer; for, in addition to his biographical and historical works, he was the author of a learned and recondite disquisition, entitled *Hermes Britannicus*. With regard to his famous controversy with Byron on the literary merits of Pope and the morality of his writings—an edition of which Bowles had edited in ten volumes—he avers that it is now generally agreed that he was successful in establishing the principle for which he contended, namely, that "images drawn from what is beautiful and sublime are more beautiful and sublime than images drawn from art, and are therefore more poetical; and, in like manner, that the passions of the human heart, which belong to nature in general, are *per se* more adapted to the higher species of poetry than those which are derived from incidental and transient manners." Hence, while freely acknowledging what he believed to be Pope's undoubted excellencies, he maintained that a comparatively inferior rank ought to be

assigned to the larger portion of his productions, and that, in fact, Pope's proper place was at the head of the *second* class of poets. "What he advocated," continues the writer, "was founded on a right instinct, and was argued with much logical acumen, though with none of that philosophical depth which distinguished the similar reasonings of Coleridge and De Quincey." The controversy lasted some ten years, and at its later stage Southey, Hazlitt, and others, stepped into the lists in support of Bowles, who, however, had alone fearlessly done battle with all comers; and his victory was assured. But if Bowles, on the whole, had the best of the argument, it must be confessed that he was no match for Byron in ease and poignancy of style, and that the effect of his criticism was marred at times by a flippancy and petulance of language—very unlike the gentle tone and tenor of his poetry—which, however it may have been provoked by the intemperate sallies of his assailant, detracted greatly from the potency of his reasoning, and was calculated to prejudice the cause he was upholding. Bowles, no doubt, was mindful of the contemptuous terms which Byron had applied to him in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, and was moved to pay him off in his own coin. Byron afterwards expressed his regret at having treated Bowles so roughly, and spoke of him with respect as an "amiable, well-informed, and extremely able man," doing justice also to his poetical genius; and Bowles was not one to bear malice. On hearing of Byron's death at Missolonghi, he gave utterance to his feelings in some noble lines, which do honour to his generous and forgiving spirit. They may be taken as a fair sample of his more vigorous style. The first two stanzas run thus:—

"So ends Childe Harold his last pilgrimage!  
Above the Malian surge he stood, and cried,  
Liberty! and the shores, from age to age  
Renowned, and Sparta's woods and rocks replied,  
Liberty! But a spectre at his side



Stood mocking, and, its dart uplifting high,  
 Smote him ; he sank to earth in life's fair pride.  
 Sparta ! thy rocks echoed another cry,  
 And old Ilissus sighed, Die, generous exile, die !

I will not ask sad pity to deplore  
 His wayward errors, who thus early died ;  
 Still less, Childe Harold, now thou art no more,  
 Will I say aught of genius misapplied,  
 Of the past shadows of thy spleen or pride.  
 But I will bid the Arcadian cypress wave,  
 Pluck the green laurel from Peneus' side,  
 And pray thy spirit may such quiet have  
 That not one thought unkind be murmured o'er thy grave."

Bremhill Rectory was (and, no doubt, is still) the very ideal of a country parsonage : its walls clothed with "mantling woodbine and the rose," embowered within which three broad bay windows looked out upon a terraced lawn, and thence over the lovely vale below, with the tower of Calne church in the immediate distance, the groves of Bowood on the right and those of Compton Basset on the left ; the view bounded by the slopes of Marlborough Downs, on which, cut in the chalky ground, the figure of a white horse was conspicuously displayed. The scene, once beheld in the slanting lights of the setting sun, was one that lived in the memory, never to be effaced. In the garden was a hermitage, and in the winding walks were rustic seats, over which, as in the hermitage and on the trees, might be read inscriptions in verse, some of which are given in the poet's collected works. "Here"—of his beloved garden he wrote—

"Here my own hand  
 Has decked with trees and shrubs the slopes around,  
 And whilst the leaves by dying airs are fanned,  
 Sweet to my spirit comes the farewell sound  
 That seems to say : 'Forget the transient tear  
 Thy pale youth shed : Repose and Peace are here.'"

With Lacock Abbey I did not make personal acquaintance until two years after the lines that follow were written ; when I

played the part of chaplain to its occupant, then High Sheriff of the county, W. H. Fox Talbot, a man well known for his experimental science and erudition, particularly as being, synchronous with the Frenchman Daguerre, the inventor of photography, which, indeed, once bore his name; he was also the author of several classical and antiquarian works, including an essay on the *Antiquity of the Book of Genesis*, 1839. The civic office he bore, with its publicity and accompanying parade, was peculiarly repugnant to a man of his shy nature and studious habits, and he grudged the time which might have been spent over his experiments and researches. The fanfare of trumpets and array of javelin-men impressed, or rather, I might say, oppressed him with a sense of incongruity; it was something apart from himself, and in which he had no concern; and he sat like one in a dream—it is his own expression—or a victim to a strange illusion. During the whole affair he was but a passive figure in the scene, and let himself be moved about like a prawn on a chessboard. I remember well his falling asleep in open court, and being suddenly roused up by Mr. Justice Coleridge imposing on him a fine of forty shillings—which, however, was remitted when the court broke up—for some omission, of which, in fact, the Sub-sheriff had been guilty. On the following day the Judge, with his son, the now Lord Chief-Justice, spent a few hours at Lacock in his progress to Bath or Taunton.

The abbey was founded in 1232 by Ela, Countess of Salisbury, in pious memory, and for the soul's rest, of her husband, the famous William Longspee, eldest natural son of Henry II., by Fair Rosamond, and, in right of his wife, Earl of Sarum. Both he and his "lady sage" had joined with others in laying the first stones of the present cathedral in place of Old Sarum's ancient fane, A.D. 1220. It was at Old Sarum, in 1086, the year before he died, that the Conqueror summoned all the barons of the kingdom to surrender their lands again to the thrall of military tenure, and swore by his usual oath, "the Resurrection and the

Throne of God," to take vengeance on his enemies beyond the seas. In 1238, the Countess Ela herself became a member of the community she had founded, and was shortly afterwards elected as the abbess. Her son, "of the sword cross-hilted," by which title he was designated, performed great deeds of valour in the Holy Land, and fell in battle with the Infidel. The abbey, on being confiscated, was bestowed by Henry VIII. on Sir William Sherington; and a romantic story is told of the way in which it passed, with the domain, into the possession of the Talbots.

The daughter and heiress of the knight fell in love with John Talbot, contrary to her father's wishes, and, discoursing with him one night from the battlements of the abbey church (long since destroyed), she said: "I will leap down to you." On which her lover jestingly bade her leap, and he would catch her in his arms, never supposing that she would do what she said. But the damsel was as good as her word: down she leaped, and the wind, which was high, helping to buoy her up, she alighted safely on Talbot's broad chest, who, however, was borne to the ground by the shock, and apparently stricken to death; but, on her crying for help, he was with difficulty brought to life again. Whereupon her father said that, as she had taken the leap, she might e'en marry the object of her mad freak. Aubrey's metrical account of the adventure is worth quoting:—

" Upon the highest tower she stood,  
And once she trembled, as she viewed  
The dizzy height, to trace  
If *he* were there, the chosen one,  
Down to whose arms she would have flown,  
Though fathomless the space.  
But, from the world of stars above,  
Love saw the maid, then laughed for joy;  
And downward from the Court of Jove,  
Flew through the air that bright-eyed boy.  
Quick to the tower he, laughing, springs,  
With his own zone her eyes did cover,  
Then took her on his silver wings,  
And bore her safely to her lover."



The portrait of this venturesome lady, Dame Olave by name, is preserved in the abbey ; and from her descended to the present family the abbey, with its picturesque arches hung with ivy, and tall spiral chimneys, which appealed so powerfully to the imagination of the poet Bowles. The cloister is in good preservation, and said to be the most perfect example of a domestic cloister in England ; so, at least, I read in Murray's *Handbook of Somerset*. " Its roof is decorated with grotesque figures, and on the pavement lies a monumental stone, believed to be the one originally placed in the church over the remains of the Countess Ela. The refectory, now the hall, has an emblazoned roof, and the walls are ornamented in illustration of the history of the abbey. In the muniment-room is an original copy of the Magna Charta of Henry III., sent to the Countess as hereditary Sheriff for Wiltshire." A flight of winding stairs was discovered in a pillar, or turret, not long before my visit. Through the garden meanders the stream of the Avon, and there also may be seen the ponds, or stews, which provided the nuns with fish. In the garden, and in the adjoining woods, I strolled and meditated during those few summer days, which passed only too quickly away, but will ever abide in my memory. In the woods, under wide-spreading trees, were seats ; and I was not always alone. From the verdant hill above spreads before the eyes of the spectator a landscape of enchanting beauty, embracing a varied prospect of wide expanse. It is from the road descending these heights, and passing the gateway of Spry Park, that the stranger should gain (as I did) his first sight of the abbey, standing silent and solitary in the meadow which gives it its name.

" Roaming at large to where the grey sky bends,  
The eye scarce knows to rest, till back recalled  
By yonder ivied cloisters in the plain,  
Whose turret, peeping pale above the shade,  
Smiles in the venerable grace of years.

. . . . .

O venerable pile, though now no more  
The pensive passenger, at evening, hears  
The slowly-chanted vesper, or the sounds  
Of 'Miserere' die along the vale,  
Yet piety and honoured age\* retired  
There hold their blameless sojourn, ere the bowl  
Be broken, or the silver cord be loosed."

The *History of Lacock Abbey* was written about the year 1829. I found its contents so enthralling that I read it in a day. I have never seen the book from that day to this; and probably, if I were to look into its pages now, I should wonder at the effect it had upon me. But so it was. It struck a chord in my inner being which set it thrilling, and I may even say that it gave the first impulse to that progress of conviction which at length brought me within sight of the shining towers and battlements of the Celestial City. I never had the courage to show my venerable friend the lines I wrote (nor, indeed, I may add, to anybody else). I afterwards regretted I had not done so, as, whatever might have been his estimate of their merit, the old man would have been pleased and gratified at having inspired them. The book was written in a graceful and captivating style; it contained much interesting antiquarian and ecclesiastical lore; and though, no doubt, the infusion of Catholicism was of the mildest flavour, it presented the mediæval Church in an attractive guise; and, above all, it breathed a spirit of respectful sympathy with the cloistered inmates of the abbey, their lives and virtues, and of righteous indignation against the invaders and despoilers of their hallowed home. The pious and peaceful seclusion of conventual life would naturally commend itself to one of Bowles's retiring disposition and reflective mind, and this is apparent throughout his poetry; but, in addition thereto, there was an instinctive recognition of something higher and

\* The author explains in a note, "The venerable Catholic Countess, who resides in the abbey;" and one of his later sonnets, dated October, 1831, is dedicated to Lady Valletort, on hearing her sing "Gloria in Excelsis," with three other young ladies, at Lacock Abbey.

deeper in that life, if not supernatural and divine, which was very unusual in his day. His book, then, had the effect of dislodging a mass of inveterate prejudice and misapprehension ; but it did much more : it let in a streak of light where all before was darkness, and gave me the first clear glimpse of the real character of that portentous event in the history of this country which is called the Reformation, and prepared me to welcome and take part in the great anti-movement which was then in its beginnings, and of which, notable as the results have been, we are still far from seeing the consummation and the close.

Bowles died at Salisbury, after a ten years' decay of mind and body—his mental qualities had begun to fail before I left Calne—on April 7th, 1850, aged 88. He was a man of simple and unpretending piety ; and fain would I hope and believe that, in those last determining moments, when the soul is alone with its Creator, the prayers of the pure and pitying beings whose virtues he so admiringly depicted, and whose wrongs he so pathetically deplored, gained for him, in God's mercy, light to see and lament his ignorance and errors, and grace to make a good and blessed end.

Shortly after his decease, a *Life of the poet* was announced as having been undertaken by his kinsman, Dr. Bowles, and Mr. Alaric Watts, but it was never published. Probably death arrested their hands before the work was scarcely begun, and no one was competent, or cared, to continue and complete what they had left undone. It is a matter of much regret ; for, if executed in a spirit of reverent affection for his character, and with a true appreciation of the graces of his mind and writings, the work would have been a grateful tribute to the poet's memory, and a valuable contribution to the biographies of our remarkable men. One of its main objects would have been to show how Bowles formed the link which connected Cowper and Burns with the Lake Poets—a task which it would now be vain to expect ever to see fulfilled. In 1837, when he was in his 67th year, with a



presentiment, as it would seem, of the oblivion into which he was doomed to fall, he wrote these words: "Many years after my grey head shall have been laid at rest in Bremhill churchyard, or in the cloisters of Salisbury Cathedral, the reader of the memorable controversy with Lord Byron, in which I believe all dispassionate judges will admit that his lordship was foiled, and the polished lance of his sophistical rhetoric broken at his feet, or perhaps some who may have seen those poems of which Coleridge spoke in the days of his earliest song so enthusiastically, may inquire, 'Who was W. L. Bowles?'" If what has been here set down should help in any way to further this inquiry, and point attention to the position which the writer occupies in the literary history of the country, as one of its sweetest and purest songsters in himself, and the inspirer of richer melodies in others, and if it should so far excite an interest in the readers of *Merry England* as to induce them to make acquaintance with his works, to me it would be a satisfaction and a joy; while to those, especially, whose minds are attuned to his, and, indeed, to all who love a genuine strain of poetry, it would, I believe, be both a pleasure and a profit to have been brought under the influence of his gentle, earnest muse.

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AFTER READING IN ONE DAY  
THE HISTORY OF LACOCK ABBEY BY W. LISLE BOWLES.

That livelong day I felt thy wizard power;  
Strange visions came and went: I seemed to stand  
On a lone height among a steel-clad band,  
The Norman standard streaming from the tower.  
Lo! as I gazed, dark clouds began to lower,  
And dusky night came down: an awful train  
Passed down the steep, slow winding to the plain,  
To greet their god at his ascending hour.  
He rose, but not for them: their time had sped—  
Hark! 'tis the solemn requiem of the dead,  
And reddening torches quench the sun's hot rays:  
So faith o'ermasters superstition's ways.  
'Mid prayer and chant I hear a woman's wail,  
And see she comes, a lovely lady, sad and pale.

That livelong day 'twas aye one changeful dream :  
Ceased the sad dirge, and rose the din of war.  
Oh, see ! the Paynim's thirsty scimitar  
Flashes aloft, then drinks the warm life-stream.  
Heart-sick I turn, and catch a lamp's faint gleam,  
Where "meek devotion" kneels to watch and pray,  
In cloistered cell, from earth's vile cares away.  
'Tis she, the mourning Ela ! who would deem  
That coifèd brow had worn a crown of state ?  
So this world's show like fleeting shadow fades :  
How tranquil all within the convent grate !  
Ah ! now what heavy hand beats at yon gate ?  
Begone, foul spoiler, from these hallowed shades,  
Nor in thy greedy lust God's altars desecrate.

That livelong day I hung upon thy page :  
Its pictured story seemed a moving scene,  
Past things put on their ancient garb and mien,  
No phantom pageant of a bygone age :  
There the stern Norman held his lords to gage,  
Uprose old Sarum's massive keep and fane,  
The sculptured dead awoke to life again —  
He of the long-spear, and his lady sage,  
He of the sword cross-hilted, their brave son ;  
The saintly abbess her fair aisles along  
Paced slowly by : I watched till each pale nun  
Had prayed, and told her beads, and vespers sung,  
Then, with moist eyes downcast, passed one by one :  
Oh ! knell-like to my heart that old oak portal swung.

EDWARD HEALY THOMPSON.

## Banbury : Past and Present.

THE great Midland district of England may be said to afford a type of genuine English scenery, its gentle undulations being equally removed from the rugged mountains of Wales and the monotonous level of the Eastern Counties. A constant succession of well-tilled fields and blooming hedgerows, of spreading timber and cheerful villages, includes the finest points of a true English landscape. Of this extensive district a good example may be found in the northern extremity of Oxfordshire with parts of the adjoining counties of Northampton and Warwick. But to the general character of a midland landscape this tract of country adds some features more specially its own. The prevailing stone of the neighbourhood, which abounds in iron, is, when freshly quarried, of a rich tawny hue, though with time and exposure to the weather it changes to a deep brown. This peculiar colour of the stone, with the universally thatched roof and not unfrequent bits of ancient architecture, has fixed a special stamp upon the villages in this part of England. We meet also with many fine old churches, three of which, remarkable for the beauty of their spires, are distinguished from each other in the following rhyme :

Bloxham for length,  
Adderbury for strength,  
King Sutton for beauty.

This pleasant country is watered by the river Cherwell, whose somewhat sluggish stream has its source near Daventry in



Northamptonshire, and terminates by its junction with the Isis under the walls of Oxford. For several miles the Cherwell forms the boundary between the two counties, and it is in this part of its course that is situated the historic town of Banbury. Though now a place of but moderate importance, Banbury has a history second in interest to that of few provincial towns. It must however be confessed that this statement is hardly borne out by the actual appearance of the place. Of its once celebrated castle not a stone has been left, the historic "Cross" has likewise disappeared, while what will probably be felt as the greatest loss by the antiquary is its former magnificent church. With the exception of a few old houses, or here and there some fragments of an ancient building, Banbury at the present day has all the appearance of a modern town.\*

Passing over the obscure annals of the British and Saxon periods, we may safely date the authentic history of Banbury at a little later than the Norman Conquest. At the time of the Domesday survey, 1082, the manor of Banbury was possessed by Remigius the first bishop of Lincoln, to which city the bishopric had been removed ten years previously from Dorchester on Thames. From this time the bishops of Lincoln in right of their See continued to be lords of Banbury until the reign of Edward the Sixth, when Bishop Henry Holbech alienated the manor to the Crown. Alexander of Blois, the second successor of Remigius, may justly be regarded as the real founder of Mediæval Banbury. He it was who, about the year 1125, built the famous castle, which played so prominent a part in the Parliamentary war, and to him also is attributed by tradition the foundation of the beautiful parish church. Alexander himself and many of his successors made use of Banbury Castle as a residence, and this is probably the reason why the early history

\* For more detailed information the reader is referred to "Beesley's History of Banbury," a work which for industry, accuracy, and impartiality, cannot be too highly praised.

of the town is mainly of a pacific character. There is, however, one striking exception to this general statement, and that is the sanguinary fight at Danesmoor, or, as it has been also called, the Battle of Banbury. In the ninth year of King Edward the Fourth, a force of sixty thousand men, raised by the intrigues of the Earl of Warwick, was marching from Yorkshire towards London under the command of Sir John Conyers and other gentlemen of the north. A combined body of the king's troops from Wales under the Earl of Pembroke, and from the south-western counties under Lord Stafford, met the Lancastrian army at Danesmoor, about five miles to the north-east of Banbury. The fight which ensued on the 26th July, 1469, was largely decided by a quarrel which had shortly before broken out between the Yorkist leaders. "The Earl of Pembroke," says the chronicler Hall, "put the Lord Stafford out of an inn at Banbury wherein he delighted much to be . . . whereon the Lord Stafford, in great despite, departed with his whole company and band of archers, leaving the Earl of Pembroke almost desolate in the town." The engagement of the next day was disastrous to the royal forces; the Northern men made a terrible slaughter of the Welsh, of whom five thousand are said to have been slain; and the Earl of Pembroke, together with his chivalrous brother Sir Richard Herbert, was made prisoner. The captives were carried to the neighbouring town, and such was the ferocious spirit engendered by the Civil war, that two days later they were dragged into the porch of Banbury Church and there beheaded.

Banbury had also its share in the troubled times which succeeded the Reformation. In the first year of Edward the Sixth, Henry Holbech, the new Bishop of Lincoln, made over the manor of Banbury to the Crown, and it was soon afterwards in the possession of Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, the father-in-law of Lady Jane Grey. Notwithstanding this connection, the people of Banbury stood up stoutly for Queen Mary, and were instrumental in securing her accession. In recompense for

this service the queen granted the town a charter of incorporation with the privilege of returning a member to Parliament, and this privilege was enjoyed until the Redistribution Act of 1885.

The most salient feature in the modern history of Banbury is its connection with the war between Charles the First and his Parliament. During these stirring times the town and castle of Banbury filled a prominent position. The immediate result of the first action of the war, fought on the 23rd of October, 1642, at Edgehill, some seven miles to the north-west, was the occupation of Lord Say's house at Broughton, and the subsequent surrender of Banbury Castle, which at once received a royal garrison. Here the king's party was soon called on to sustain a siege from the Parliamentary Colonel Fiennes, but the castle was relieved by the Duke of Newcastle, and remained in the hands of the king till the end of the war. On the 29th of June, 1644, was fought the sanguinary battle of Cropredy Bridge about four miles to the north of Banbury. The Cherwell for a time divided the combatants, till Waller, having crossed the stream by the bridge above mentioned, attacked the royal troops, but was driven back across the river with heavy loss. The royalist army again passed near Banbury in its retreat from Naseby (September 30th, 1644), and on their way they burned down Aynhoe House, the seat of Mr. Cartwright, an adherent of the Parliament. After King Charles had abandoned all hope of success in the field, and had given himself up to the Scotch army at Newark, Banbury Castle surrendered to the Parliament, and not long afterwards, it was by order of the House of Commons razed to the ground.

The "sturdy" Puritanism which was conspicuous during the whole of this struggle and for long afterwards in the people of Banbury, had already begun to show itself in the preceding century. In the reign of Elizabeth, bands of zealots traversed the country, destroying images and religious emblems. In the course of these raids the beautiful parish church was grievously



defaced, and one of the chief ornaments of Banbury, which Leland had described nearly a century before as "a goodly crosse with many degrees about it," is said to have been pulled down in 1602. The reputation for Puritanic zeal thus early acquired has become proverbial, and is immortalized in the familiar lines of Drunken Barnaby's Itinerary, in which the author begins :

In progressu boreali  
Ut processi ab australi  
Veni Banbury, O prophanum !  
Ubi vidi Puritanum  
Felem facientem furem,  
Quia Sabbatho stravit murem.

In the English version as follows :

In my progresse travelling Northward,  
Taking my farewell o' th' Southward,  
To Banbury came I, O prophane one !  
Where I saw a Puritane-one  
Hanging of his cat on Monday  
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

It is not too much to say that the chief object of attraction in the Banbury of old times was the truly magnificent parish church—of beautiful design and more than common dimensions, it might have passed for a cathedral rather than the parochial church of a country town. This fine building, which was cruciform in plan, was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The substantial pillars of the tower dated apparently from the twelfth century, and were no doubt the original foundation of Bishop Alexander of Blois, but the greater part of the building belonged to the most perfect period of Gothic architecture. The windows were remarkable for the beauty and variety of their design, while an open foliated parapet added grace and lightness to the building. The length of the church from east to west was 192 feet, and from the junction of the

transepts a massive and commanding tower, capped with embattlements and pinnacles, rose high above the town. It may be asked what was the destiny of so noble and exceptional a monument? It is painful to record that this fine church was destroyed by the people of Banbury, not in the fury of religious zeal or the excitement of civil war, but with cold and calculating deliberation in a time of peace. It is true that the old church had been considerably injured during the siege of Banbury, when it was exposed to the fire of the royal garrison in the castle, and a large sum was afterwards spent in making good the damage. It was, however, about the middle of the last century again found to be in an unsafe condition, and many consultations were held as to the best plan of restoration. More than one competent architect gave his opinion that the church might be substantially repaired without danger to the public, and it seems certain that a skilful application of scientific principles would have saved it from further decay. Other counsels however prevailed, and in the year 1790 an act of Parliament was obtained to sanction its demolition. To carry out more easily this barbarous design, the pillars on which the huge fabric rested were cautiously severed, and when this had been effected, the temporary wooden supports were set on fire. "On Sunday the 12th of December, 1790" (we quote from the *Annual Register*), "the inhabitants of Banbury were alarmed by the sudden falling in of the principal aisle of the church, the crash of which was heard near two miles from the spot ;" on the following day the majestic tower also sank to the ground upon the ruins of the nave. To complete the work of Vandalism, teams of horses were employed to drag down the outer walls, and when the strength of men and horses proved insufficient, the rest of the venerable structure was blown up with gunpowder. Being now without a place of worship, the inhabitants of Banbury sought to replace the church which they had so recklessly destroyed, and the lapse of a few years saw the erection of a

building whose tasteless appearance serves only to recall more keenly the loss of its predecessor. A plain Italian structure, better adapted for a music hall than for a Christian temple, the new church was yet for many years incomplete,\* and it was not till the year 1822 that the heaviness of the structure was somewhat relieved by the addition of a peristyle and a cupola of the "pepper box" type.

It is now time to turn our attention to the history of the Catholic mission at Banbury. For many years after the Reformation the freedom of Catholic worship at Banbury was extinct, and we find the castle, during the reign of Elizabeth, even used as a place of confinement for recusants. To trace the existing Catholic congregation to its source, we must direct our steps to the small village of Warkworth, about two miles to the east of Banbury, on the Northamptonshire side of the Cherwell. In 1629 the manor of Warkworth was purchased from its old proprietors the Chetwodes by Philip Holman, who had formerly been a scrivener in London. His son George became a Catholic, and is styled by Anthony à Wood, who visited Warkworth in 1659, "a melancholy and bigoted convert." He married Anastasia, the fifth daughter of William Howard, Viscount Stafford, one of the most illustrious victims of Oates' plot. By this lady Mr. Holman had a son, William, who succeeded him in the estate, and a daughter, Mary, who married Thomas Eyre, Esq. of Hassop in Derbyshire. Their son Francis married, in 1755, Lady Mary Radcliffe whose mother was Countess of Newburgh in her own right. Thus after the death in 1814 without issue of Anthony, fourth Earl of Newburgh, Francis Eyre, the younger, claimed and enjoyed the title as fifth Earl.

During their residence at Warkworth the Holmans were

\* It is to this stage in the erection of the new church that the following ill-natured couplet has reference :

"Dirty Banbury's proud people  
Built a church without a steeple."



generous benefactors to religion; they doubtless harboured many a persecuted priest, and gave their Catholic neighbours an opportunity of attending the functions of the Church. Their services in this respect were indeed quite exceptional, for their hospitality was bestowed upon three of our most eminent Catholic writers, names no less venerable than those of Gother, Challoner, and Alban Butler. A short account of each of these may not be out of place.

The Rev. John Gother, to whose spiritual works the elder generations of Catholics in England owed so much, was born at Southampton of Presbyterian parents, and having become a Catholic, he was sent in the year 1668 to the English College at Lisbon. After an exemplary course in that institution, he returned to England towards the end of the reign of Charles the Second, and for some years worked hard among the poorer Catholics in the metropolis. Mr. Gother also devoted much attention to controversial tracts, which obtained a wide reputation for learning and utility. Soon after the abdication of James the Second he retired to Warkworth as chaplain to Mr. George Holman, where he passed the rest of his life, and it was during his stay at Warkworth that most of his spiritual writings were composed. Gother's death happened during a voyage to Lisbon, whither he had been summoned by business connected with his old seminary. Being seized with a sudden illness while on board, he expired on the 2nd of October, 1704. Such was the respect with which he was regarded by all around him, that the captain of the vessel would not allow his remains to be consigned to the sea, but ordered the body to be embalmed and conveyed to Lisbon, where it was interred beneath the altar of St. Thomas of Canterbury in the chapel of the English College. A biographer of Gother, after ascribing to him a rare catalogue of virtues and mental endowments, adds that his bodily appearance was far from corresponding with the brilliancy of his mind. "He was certainly a man of a most excellent spirit tho' it was

lodged in a very mean body, for he had nothing in his person but a sharp and sprightly eye to recommend him."

Richard Challoner, whose name is a household word among English Catholics, was born at Lewes in Sussex on the 29th of September, 1691, his parents, like those of Gother, being Protestants. His mother however became a Catholic, at what time is uncertain, but about the year 1700 she filled the post of house-keeper at Warkworth Hall, and in this capacity she was accompanied by her son Richard. While under Mr. Holman's roof, young Challoner profited by the lessons and example of the Rev. Mr. Gother, the chaplain, who instructed him in the principles of religion, and it was by his advice that the future bishop was sent, in his thirteenth year, to the English College at Douay. There he remained filling various offices of responsibility for no less than twenty-six years.

On his return to England, in 1730, he was appointed to the London Mission, where he soon became widely known as a controversialist.

On the 29th January, 1741, he was consecrated Bishop of Debra and coadjutor to the Right Rev. Dr. Petre, Vicar Apostolic of the London District, whom, eighteen years later, he succeeded in the vicariate. The rest of Dr. Challoner's active life was spent in the metropolis, and he lived just long enough to witness the terrible Gordon Riots of 1780, in which so many Catholic Institutions were destroyed. The venerable bishop barely escaped the fury of the rioters, by retiring to the house of a Catholic gentleman at Finchley, but his enfeebled frame never recovered the shock, and he was cut off by a stroke of paralysis on the 12th January, 1781, in the ninetieth year of his age. In accordance with the desire of his friend Mr. Barrett, he was buried in the village church of Milton, near Abingdon, and the rector of the parish inserted the following entry in his register: "Anno Domini 1781, January 22nd. Buried the Reverend Dr. Richard Challoner, a Popish Priest and Titular Bishop

of London and Salisbury, a very pious and good man, of great learning and extensive abilities."

Alban Butler was born October 4th, 1710, at Appletree, a hamlet about seven miles from Banbury, where his ancestors possessed a fine estate, but the property had a few generations before passed by marriage into the family of Plowden. At the time of Alban's birth, his parents were somewhat reduced in fortune, and he was indebted for great part of his education to Mr. William Holman of Warkworth.

When about eight years of age, he was sent to the English College at Douay, where he passed nearly thirty years of his studious life; returning to England in 1749, he became after a short interval chaplain to Mr. Francis Eyre, nephew of his old patron, who was at that time living at Warkworth. In 1765, he was appointed President of the English College at St. Omer, where he remained till his death. Such was his reputation for virtue and wisdom that he was invited to fill the office of Vicar-General to four of the neighbouring bishops. The learning of Alban Butler was so extensive and at the same time of so varied a character, that persons of the most widely different professions were astonished to find in him an accurate acquaintance with their own special pursuits. It was chiefly during his stay at Douay that Butler composed his "Lives of the Saints," a work which may be said, without exaggeration, to be without a rival in the English language. He died at St. Omer on the 15th May, 1773, in the 63rd year of his age; and his scarcely less accomplished nephew Charles Butler set up a handsome monument to his memory in the College Chapel.

On the death of Mr. William Holman in 1740 without issue, the Manor of Warkworth devolved upon his nephew, Francis Eyre, whose son, as already stated, afterwards became the fifth Earl of Newburgh. The latter, after his father's death in 1804, sold the estate, and two years later the old hall was taken down. This fine building, which dated from 1592, had been begun



under the Chetwodes and was completed by Philip Holman ; it stood on an eminence near the church, and formed three sides of a square. Lord Newburgh, in disposing of his estate, was not unmindful of his Catholic neighbours, for in 1806, the year after the property was sold, he built a small chapel at Overthorpe, about half-a-mile from Warkworth, and here the mission remained until the opening, in 1838, of the present church of St. John at Banbury. At this time the congregation was under the charge of the Rev. Pierre Julien Hersent, an exiled French priest from the diocese of Coutances, who was the last chaplain of the Eyre family at Warkworth and Overthorpe. Fr. Hersent watched over his flock with pastoral solicitude for nearly thirty years, and his intention of removing the mission to Banbury, for which he had collected funds, was frustrated only by his death on the 27th July, 1833. He was buried at Overthorpe, but on completion of St. John's at Banbury, his remains were transferred to the vaults beneath the new church. Built from the designs of the architect Derick, the latter may be described as one of the most pleasing of our modern Catholic churches dating from the earlier days of the Gothic revival. The body of the church is lofty and spacious, and a handsome tower of considerable height abuts upon the street; while the adjoining presbytery, of rather later date, is an example of excellent architectural taste. The completion of the new church, begun by the Rev. Joseph Fox, who died December 10th, 1835, was reserved for the Very Rev. William Tandy, D.D., afterwards Canon of Birmingham, whose memory is still cherished by the Catholics of Banbury. Retiring from the charge of the mission in 1864, he spent the rest of his life at Selly Oak, near Birmingham, where he died on the last day of the year 1886 in the eightieth year of his age.\* Canon Tandy had the merit of introducing into England the congrega-

\* Canon Tandy's successors at Banbury were the Rev. J. H. Souter (now Canon and President at St. Mary's College, Oscott, 1864-1873), Rev. C. J. Bowen (1873 to the present time).

tion of the Sisters of Charity of St. Paul the Apostle, whom he invited from the mother house at Chartres in 1846. Under the guidance of the venerable Mother Dupuis this congregation has, during the last forty years, so wonderfully prospered, that at Dr. Tandy's death it numbered, in this country, no less than fifty houses and three hundred professed religious. The Sisters had the good fortune, on their arrival at Banbury, to secure the remaining premises of the old hospital of St. John the Baptist, which had been suppressed by Henry VIII. Preserving the ancient dedication, the community has since its foundation been known as St. John's Priory. The Sisters of St. Paul have the management of the Catholic parish schools, and it may be added with truth, that the mission of Banbury is one of the most interesting in the diocese of Birmingham.

GEORGE T. C. DOLMAN.

## Leaves from the Life of St. Patrick:

### HIS RETURN TO DUMBARTON AND ARRIVAL AT TOURS.

THE principal authority for the life and character of St. Patrick is, of course, to be found in his own writings. There still remain to us two works which are admitted by the weightiest critics, of both ancient and modern times, to be the genuine products of his pen: his "Confessio" and the "Letter to Coroticus." They are brief, and do not pretend to give anything like a narrative of the saint's life, but they are eminently characteristic; they give us an insight into the mind of the writer, which no words of others could have supplied. In them he appears before us as he really was; unconsciously he exhibits his intimate thoughts and feelings, and enables us to form an estimate of his inner soul, which would have been simply impossible without them. Besides, they give us the most certain account of many of the incidents in his very wonderful career. For my own part, I must confess that much of my admiration for Ireland's great Apostle has sprung from repeated perusals of his "Confessio."

It will not then be out of place to give some account of this very ancient monument of Ecclesiastical History. It is comprised in six folio pages of the Bollandists. Their copy was made from a Manuscript belonging to the Monastery of St. Vaast at Arras, which has since disappeared, having been lost in the troublous times of the French Revolution; a still more famous Manuscript is yet preserved in the Library of Trinity



College, Dublin, and forms a part of the far-famed Book of Armagh. The history of this Manuscript is especially interesting, and it affords us the strongest assurance of its genuineness. It was copied from an older Manuscript supposed to have been the original by St. Patrick, for it contains these words: "*Hucusque volumen, quod Patricius manu conscripsit suā.*" (So far the volume which Patrick wrote with his own hand.) Of course it is possible that this supposed original may have been taken from a still older Manuscript. The copy now at Trinity College was made during the short episcopate of Torbach, Archbishop of Armagh, in 807, by a scribe of the name of Ferdomnach, and so belongs to the very beginning of the ninth century. Besides the "*Confessio*," the volume contains, amongst other things, some account of the Saint's Life, the New Testament, and the Life of St. Martin of Tours, by Sulpitius Severus. It has ever been held in the highest veneration in Ireland, and oaths in matters of great importance were often taken upon it. It was styled the *Canoin Phadraig* or Patrick's Canon, and in the year 907 was enclosed in a case by Donough, the son of the King of Ireland. This case is supposed to be the leathern satchel still preserved with it, and which is of very great antiquity. A keeper of this much revered treasure was appointed, named Moyre; his family became its hereditary guardians, and an endowment of eight townlands near Armagh was provided to ensure the fulfilment of the Trust. In the seventeenth century, Florence M'Moyre proved unfaithful, and sold his charge to a Mr. Arthur Brownlow for the paltry sum of five pounds. In 1858, the then Protestant Primate, Beresford, purchased it for three hundred pounds, and placed it in the Library of Trinity College. (O'Hanlon's *Lives of the Irish Saints*, March 17, page 401.) Miss Cusack in her valuable "*Life of St. Patrick*" has supplied us with an accurate copy of the Latin text, and a carefully executed translation into English.

St. Patrick's thoughts evidently flow too fast for his pen to

record them, and he frequently bursts forth into expressions of his faith in God, his burning love for Him, and his eager desire for martyrdom. In this way the regular narrative is frequently interrupted, and it is often difficult to ascertain the proper sequence of events. He seldom gives us names of places or persons, and it is at times impossible to fix the dates of most important matters. Still, throughout the whole composition, there shines forth a truthfulness and force which compels the admiration and belief of the reader.

The following extract gives us, in his own words, his motive for writing: "Therefore I cannot and ought not to be silent concerning the great benefits and graces which the Lord has bestowed on me, in the land of my captivity, since the only return we can make for such benefits is, after God has reproved us, to extol and convey His wonders before every nation under Heaven" (*Confessio* p. 581); yet he is conscious that his task is a difficult one to him; he says: "Although I thought of writing long ago I feared the censure of men, because I had not learned as others who had studied the sacred writings in the best way, and have never changed their language since their childhood, but continually learned it more perfectly; while I have to translate my words and speech into a foreign tongue" (p. 584). It was in extreme old age that he took up his pen to make this permanent record of his gratitude to God for that wonderful Providence which had guided his extraordinary career. But his mastership in composition was not equal to the intensity of his wishes. It is not an easy production to read, and even to a careful student, many parts of it remain obscure, and barely intelligible. Yet, to those who are anxious to have an insight into his interior, it is simply invaluable. It opens to them the hidden motives which ruled his life, it shows the lofty spirit in which he acted on all occasions, and above all the profound humility which made him always lowly and contemptible in his own estimation of himself.

St. Patrick does not tell us in his *Confessio* what was the

destination or occupation of the ship in which he took passage, and we are left to guess whether the voyage was undertaken for commercial or other purposes. At first the weather was favourable, and they crossed the Bay of Donegal, making for the bold headlands of Carrigan and Slieve League, perhaps two of the most lofty, precipitous, and picturesque mountains of that most picturesque coast. They were not very bold navigators in those days, and, as a rule, they kept as much as possible within sight of land. However much St. Patrick might admire the magnificent outline of the mountains, he had, at the time, a more serious object in view, and he turned his attention to the crew of the ship. Though they were heathens, he spoke to them of the religion of Christ and of the power and goodness of God, and his words fell on no unfruitful soil. The men gazed with wonder on this poor forlorn youth, who, having nothing, and even craving a favour at their hands, still spoke to them as one having authority and claiming their reverence and obedience. As they rounded the northern coast of Ireland, they would have other natural wonders to observe, and the Basaltic rocks about the Giant's Causeway and the perpendicular cliffs of Fairhead would compel their admiration, while they exercised their skill in the steering of their craft.

Everything seemed to promise a prosperous voyage, for the shores of Britain were already full in sight, but it is evident that the wind must have changed to the north-west, for instead of reaching the mouth of the Clyde they were driven southwards. Local tradition tells us, that their vessel ran on a sandbank at the mouth of the Duddon. The rising tide would free them from this peril, and we find them landing on the Lancashire shore of Morecambe Bay near Heysham. All the circumstances point to the conclusion that they were there wrecked, for we find that the whole crew abandoned their vessel, and when St. Patrick set out by land to reach his home they accompanied him. The spot at which they gained the land was subsequently



marked by a small chapel built on the highest point of a rock overlooking the sea, and it is still known as St. Patrick's chapel.

It is very difficult to give an Englishman of the present day anything like an adequate idea of the condition, at the end of the fourth century, of that part of Roman Britain which constitutes the modern Lancashire. Now within its irregular borders it contains the largest population of any county in England, amounting to not less than three millions and a-half. Its great cities and towns are numerous, and of these Liverpool and Manchester rank next to the Metropolis. Its industry and its commerce are household words throughout the habitable world. But when we go back 1,500 years and come to the year 394 we find a very different picture presented to our eyes. In the first century, the most powerful of all the British tribes, the Brigantes, occupied the country north of the Mersey and the Humber, and they yielded only after a stubborn and prolonged resistance to the might of Roman arms. But their submission was complete, and during the rest of the Roman dominion in Britain we hear of Lancashire only as the camping ground of detachments of horse and foot soldiers. Of these military stations, Bremetonacæ or Ribchester on the north bank of the Ribble was the chief, and of the others I need mention only Mancunium (Manchester) and Coccium (Wigan). There was a station on the Lune, on the site of the modern Lancaster, but the allusions to it in the ancient Chroniclers and Geographers are so scanty and obscure, that the learned are still undecided as to its name. One of the latest writers on the subject, and at the same time one of the most cautious, thinks it may have been Longovicum. Of course it cannot be expected that much can be known of the history of a place whose very name is uncertain, and yet a few facts have been ascertained. The Romans erected a fort on the summit of the hill, on which the modern castle stands, a tower in it is called Hadrian's Tower, and this takes us back to the beginning of the second century. Milestones bearing the names of the Emperors

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Philip and Decius have been found in the immediate neighbourhood. An inscription, assigned to the date 222, records the renovation of a basilica which had fallen into decay. A monument already alluded to speaks to us of a cavalry officer, a native of Trêves, who died here. Abundant remains of tile and pottery have been found at Quernmore, a few miles from Lancaster, proving that a considerable manufacture was there carried on. Coins in great numbers have been discovered from time to time within the city boundaries, reaching down from early Roman times to the reign of the Emperor Theodosius and his sons Arcadius and Honorius. The occasional occurrence of the name Windy Harbour tells us that farm houses and villas were scattered over the country. Of the existence of Christianity there is no documentary evidence, but the names compounded of Eccles to be found in north Lancashire, suggest that there must have been communities of Christians who made use of this word to designate the buildings they used for divine worship. Two places at no great distance from Lancaster are called Eccles-rigge, "the church of the ridge or hill;" of these one is near Ulverston, and the other near the head of Windermere, close to Ambleside. They are both in the near neighbourhood of a Roman road, and it cannot be a very bold supposition to maintain that Eccles is as sure a sign of an old Roman church, as Castra is of a Roman camp, or "street" of a Roman strata, via, or road. But whatever progress Roman civilization had made in Lancashire at the period in question, it was near its end, and had already received some rude shocks. For many years the inroads of the Picts from Caledonia and the Scots from Ireland had spread desolation and ruin throughout the land, and of course the north-western coast was specially exposed to their depredations. St. Patrick's father had taken no unimportant share in the expedition of Theodosius against them; though they were beaten back for a time, their inroads were constantly renewed, and Calpurnius had himself, as is well known, fallen a

victim to a raid by the Scots on the banks of the Clyde. The sense of security by residents in the open country was thoroughly destroyed, and what had been smiling tracts of corn land or pasture, carefully cultivated by the skill of the Roman husbandmen and retired veterans, were fast becoming mere deserts, roamed over by vast herds of wild swine and infested by wolves and foxes. But bodies of troops were still kept at the military stations, and there can be no reasonable doubt that a troop of horse would occupy Longovicum, at the time of our saint's landing at Heysham. Indeed the name occurs in the "*Notitia Imperii*" which was composed about the year 401, and which professes to give us a detailed account of the functionaries of the empire, military and civil, and of the forces stationed at each depot. The date of the work is only seven years later than 394 the year of St. Patrick's return to Britain, and consequently we may take the statements of the "*Notitia*" as giving a faithful description of the condition of things in Roman Britain at the time. From it we learn that the "*Dux Britanniarum*," who held the chief military command in the Island, resided at York (*Eboracum*), that he was surrounded by a numerous staff of officers, and held there a petty court. The immense bulk of the forces was, indeed, stationed at Dumbarton and along the Antonine Wall, but the military posts scattered over the country were duly maintained and enough troops were stationed to preserve good order.

We must now return to St. Patrick whom we have left on the rock of Heysham with the shipwrecked crew of the abandoned vessel gathered round him. He was in a very awkward position. Had he been alone, it would have been natural for him, the son of an officer of rank, and a distinguished magistrate, as soon as he found out his whereabouts, to have proceeded to Longovicum—the nearest Roman station—to make himself there known to the authorities, and to have requested advice and assistance to enable him to reach his home. But his companions in misfor-

tune had learnt to look up to him as their resource in every difficulty ; he could not separate himself from them, and he would not desert them. This apparently simple resolve involved him in serious difficulties. The sailors were by race Scoti ; no name was more dreaded in Britain than this ; in their present helpless condition they had to fear for their liberties and their lives, if they presented themselves before a Roman fort or even fell in with a file of soldiers. Apparently, they had lost all that they possessed, and it was no easy task to conduct them a distance of over a hundred and sixty miles to a spot to which the Roman power did not reach. However, saints are not easily daunted. Already the young man of 21 years had found in help from above, the resources which enabled him to overcome all obstacles, and strong in his faith he fearlessly undertook to lead the forlorn party.

There is no record of what took place on that desolate rock of Heysham previous to their departure, but its memory still lingers about the spot, and when in after years the renown of St. Patrick's marvellous career filled the western world, when the old Celtic inhabitants of north Lancashire recalled his landing on their coasts, they showed their veneration for their illustrious countryman, a Briton as themselves, by erecting a rude, but massive, chapel in his honour. It is the most ancient building still standing in Lancashire. It dates from a time when the Angle had not crossed the Yorkshire hills to settle in Lancashire. It belongs to a period when the Celts dominated our western coasts, and when they obeyed a Celtic bishop and a Celtic chief. The tradition is still fresh in that primitive district, for even now it bears unmistakable old-world characteristics, and the people, the guide-books, and the county historians talk about St. Patrick's Chapel at Heysham. It is true that there are gathered on that desolate rock, exposed to every wind of Heaven, other monuments of later date, of Saxon, of Danish, and Norman times ; but we may well ask ourselves,



what peculiar attraction the place possessed, so that for nearly a thousand five hundred years, men of such different races were drawn to it? The most extraordinary of these monuments are the tombs hewn out of the solid rock, in the shape of open coffins. Surely some strong religious motive must have existed to create so great a desire to be buried in this unusual manner in such a place. Yet, beyond the tradition of St. Patrick's presence here, we know of nothing else to account for it. Grant that St. Patrick landed on this remote spot, then the religious veneration of a simple people for the very foot-prints of a saint solves the whole difficulty; on the other hand, deny that he was ever here, it will become impossible to give an adequate account of this and other local traditions.

For Heysham is not the only place in North Lancashire whose name is inseparably linked with that of St. Patrick. It seems that when the crew had had time to consider their position, and to recover from the alarms and dangers of the shipwreck, and further, to ascertain where they were, they resolved on making for the north, not following the great Roman Road, but going across country as best they could, and thus avoiding the risks of meeting with a band of Roman troops. They were only poor geographers at that period, but it may easily have been that some of the crew may have known the country, and in any case we may be sure that the instinct of a sailor would guide them correctly. They proceeded five miles on their journey; they were perishing with thirst; meeting a woman of the country, St. Patrick asked her for some water. Whether she was frightened at the wild appearance of the strangers, or did not understand what they wanted, she made no reply. St. Patrick and his companions were in the utmost need; human aid seemed to fail them. A feeling that God was his only resource, and an assurance that His help would not be wanting filled his soul; he boldly told the woman to take care what she was about, for he had but to strike the ground with his staff, and

a spring would rise at his command. He did so ; to the wonder and amazement of the onlookers, an abundant flow of water issued forth from the ground, and the thirst-stricken crew drank eagerly of the refreshing waters. That spring has never ceased to flow, it flows yet, and is known to all the country-side as St. Patrick's Well. It rises in the midst of a field, sloping towards the west, and can easily be seen by a traveller on the north-western line of railway going northwards, on the right hand side just before reaching Hest Bank Station. It has never been known to fail—it has never been frozen up. A wall has been built around it, and its solid construction tells us of the pious zeal of its builders, but it is now unfortunately in a ruinous condition. The well is highly revered throughout the whole country-side, and its waters are credited by Catholic and Protestant alike with many virtues. Legends of course have gathered round its history. One of these tells us that a former tenant of the neighbouring farm, wearied of the concourse of visitors to the well, had it filled up. From that time nothing prospered with him, his cattle died off, his crops failed, he was forced at length to give up his farm and died in poverty. His successor profited by his example, he opened out and cleaned the well, he allowed free access to it, and his reverence was rewarded with abundant prosperity. My readers may smile at the story, but, true or false, it illustrates my position, that a religious veneration is to this day shown by the non-Catholic inhabitants of North Lancashire to the well hallowed by the name of St. Patrick.

The following narrative is, however, no legend ; the person to whom it happened is well known, and there are many witnesses of the reality of the facts described. In the year 1875 there was a lad of Irish parentage residing in the town of Lancaster, and attending the school there, who had the misfortune to injure his foot so much, that he became a cripple, and was obliged to use a crutch. He was for a time under medical treatment, but

without being cured. At length his grandmother was advised to take the boy to St. Patrick's Well at Slyne. Accordingly she took him on Sunday, and he bathed his injured limb in the clear water. He felt instantaneous relief, and returned on the following Sunday to try the waters again. He was so much better, that he was able to go home with the help of a stick. He came a third Sunday, and after again bathing his foot in the well, he was able to dispense with his stick. He is now a fine healthy young fellow, walking without limp or pain. The facts are perfectly notorious. I have spoken to the school-master who remembered him quite well leaning on his crutch, and who asked him on his return to school what he had been doing, and was told that he "had been to the Holy Well." The priests now at Lancaster have conversed with the young man and heard from him the tale that I have told. It is not for me to decide what was the cause of this cure. It may have been an answer to the strong faith of the child's friends; it may have been an instance in these prosaic days of the abiding influence of the great St. Patrick with God. In any case it proves the point that I am now trying to establish, that there is a deep-rooted conviction in the minds of the people in the neighbourhood, that St. Patrick is in some way connected with the place and the well, and that the power of his intercession may be relied upon by those who ask it in simplicity of heart.

Nothing could have happened better calculated to strengthen the influence which St. Patrick had now gained over his strange following. From this time they confided entirely in him, and obeyed his slightest directions. The next stage in his journey is not so distinctly supported by tradition; but the party seems to have crossed the sands, and reached the firm land again at Allithwaite. Here again we find a Holy Well dating from Roman times, so Camden the historian, writing in James I.'s reign, tells us—the name is probably derived from "hallow" and "thwaite," a field, and means holy field. Their route



northwards soon brought them to the head of Lake Windermere to the foot of Kirkstone Pass, and so into the wild desolate valley of Patterdale.

But here I cannot do better than give St. Patrick's own account of his journey. In his *Confessio* he says, "After three days we reached land, and for twenty-eight days we journeyed through a desert. And their provisions failed, and they suffered greatly from hunger. And one day the master began to say to me, 'What sayest thou a Christian? Your God is great and all powerful. Why canst thou not then pray for us, since we are perishing from hunger, and may never see the face of man again?' And I said to him plainly, 'Turn sincerely to the Lord my God to whom nothing is impossible, that He may send us food on our way, until ye are satisfied, for it abounds everywhere for Him.' And with God's help it was so done, for lo! a herd of swine appeared before our eyes in the way, and they killed many of them, and they remained there two nights much refreshed, and filled with their flesh, for many of them had been left exhausted by the wayside. After this they gave the greatest thanks, and I was honoured in their eyes" (*Conf.* 589-90). It will be observed that the saint mentions no names of places, and to learn his real route, we must have recourse to other means of information. But when we have it well fixed in our minds, that he was bent on returning to his home on the banks of the Clyde, the dates he gives us quite harmonize with the view I am now maintaining. Three days are sufficient for his sea voyage from Killala Bay, round by the North of Ireland, to Morecambe Bay; and twenty-eight days are not too much for his journey through a wild district from North Lancashire to Dumbarton.

A little westward of Kirkstone Pass is Grisedale Beck, which empties itself into Grasmere Lake. The dale took its name from the herds of wild swine that frequented it, for Grise is

the old local word for a wild pig. There could not, therefore, be a more appropriate spot for the incident just recorded to have taken place.

The saint goes on: "They also found wild honey, and offered me some of it. And one of them said, 'This is offered in sacrifice, thanks be to God.' After that I tasted no more. But the same night, whilst I was sleeping, I was strongly tempted by Satan (of which I shall be mindful as long as I am in the body), and there fell a great stone upon me, and there was no strength in my limbs. And then it came into my mind, I know not how, to call upon Elias, and at the same moment I saw the sun rising in the heavens, and while I cried out 'Elias' with all my might, behold the splendour of the sun shone upon me, and immediately shook from me all heaviness. And I believe that Christ my Lord cried out for me" (Conf. p. 290).

What more fitting scene for the contest with the power of the evil one can be conceived than the weird, rock-strewn Patterdale? There is no spot, that I have ever visited, in which man feels smaller, in presence of the grand, mighty and awe-inspiring works of God. Man, in that bare desolate valley, shut in by the eternal hills, feels himself to be nothing in the presence of the Great God of heaven and earth. St. Patrick had just been honoured as more than human, by those whose wants he had so wonderfully supplied, and now he was made to feel that it was by no power of his that he had done this deed, but that in very truth, he was, when left to himself, only poor and blind and naked like the rest of men.

There would be but few inhabitants in that barren valley in those days, and yet the wonderful and supernatural is sure to be noised abroad, and to make a deep impression. And the dalesmen gazed on that slender youth, in his rude, uncouth sheepskin tunic, and marvelled at the power given to him. As time went on, they or their children heard of the extraordinary conversion

of a whole nation wrought by his preaching; they longed for a share in the blessings God gave through him, and they noted carefully each spot hallowed by his presence. Well has the memory been treasured up, the church, the well, nay, the dale itself, are all associated with his name, for Patterdale is nought but Patrick's dale, and the church is dedicated in his honour. Up to two years ago, there was a very ancient yew tree growing in the churchyard, nigh unto the spring, whose years were to be counted not by centuries but by over a thousand years; but, alas! the storms of the winter of 1885 brought it to the ground, and it is now nothing more than a memory.

St. Patrick thus proceeds with the account of his journey; "Soon afterwards I was taken captive. And on the first night I remained with them, I heard a divine response saying, 'You shall be two months with them.' And so it was. On the sixtieth night, the Lord delivered me out of their hands. And on the road He provided for us food and fire and dry weather daily, until on the fourteenth day, we all reached our journey's end. As I have before mentioned, we journeyed twenty-eight days through a desert, and on the night of our arrival, we had no provisions left." From this it appears that they were taken prisoners on the fifteenth day of their march. Who were his captors he does not say, but probably they were troops enlisted under the Roman banner, who dismissed them when they found them harmless, and perhaps because they could gain no spoil from them.

The new assurance St. Patrick received from God, that he was under His special protection, must have been a great comfort to him. The fact that the last fourteen days of his long travel were favoured with dry weather, suggests that he must have left his master's house in Antrim in the early spring. We may allow him at least a fortnight to cross Ireland to the West Coast, and his journey by sea and land, and his captivity altogether occupied three months, so it may be that he arrived at his home in August or September of 394.



But what sort of a home did he find? We know his father and mother had been slain in the great expedition of 388. But it seems that relations of at least one of his parents escaped the misfortunes of that disastrous year, and still remained in the neighbourhood. Probably a brother of Calpurnius was enlisted in the legion of the Batavi, had accompanied it to Theodosia, and like many another Roman veteran, had in his maturer years turned his hand to the plough. St. Patrick gives the following account of his reception. "So again after a few years I was with my relations in Britain (Britannis), who received me as a son, and earnestly besought me, that then at least, after I had gone through so many tribulations, I would go nowhere from them" (p. 591). His hospitable relative must have been well advanced in years, or this language would not have been applicable to him. The saint's affectionate nature must have been greatly soothed by this kindness of his friends, and he must have found an exquisite satisfaction in revisiting the loved scenes of his youth. At the same time, a deep sadness would fill his soul, as he gazed again on the spots made memorable to him for ever by the slaughter of his parents, and his own and his sister's capture. Probably his father's villa at Bannaven would long have been a ruin, and abandoned as no longer offering a secure abiding place. The blackened walls might still remain standing, but the roof would have fallen in. Weeds would be growing in the courtyard, and the once trim garden would be given up to desolation. Indeed, though the Roman garrison was still maintained at its old strength of near 10,000 men, horse and foot, the former sense of the irresistible might of Roman arms was gone, and a feeling was creeping over men's minds, that the world-wide empire of Rome, unconquered and unconquerable, as they loved to style it, was nearing its end. In the camp there might be the old pomp of war, but in the suburbs, the display of patrician wealth and taste was fast dying out.

What effect the warmth of his welcome by his relatives might

have had on his mind under other circumstances we cannot tell, but now his resolve was already taken. He had offered himself up to the conversion of the Irish nation, and he could not turn back. And God was not long in making known clearly to him His will. St. Patrick continues his narrative thus:—"And there in the dead of night I saw a man who appeared to come from Ireland (Hiberione), whose name was Victoricus. And he had innumerable letters with him, one of which he gave to me. And I read the commencement of the letter, containing the voice of the Irish (Vox Hiberionacum). And as I read aloud the beginning of the letter, I thought I heard in my mind the voice of those who were near the wood of Focklut which is near the western sea. And they cried out: 'We entreat thee, O holy youth, to come and walk still amongst us'; and my heart was greatly touched, so that I could not read any more, and so I awoke" (p. 592).

From this time he had no further doubt. Though, as he says, "Many gifts were offered to me with sorrow and tears, and I offended many of my seniors against my will, but, guided by God, I yielded in no way to them." (p. 598.) He remained proof against the suggestions of flesh and blood, firmly resolved to leave his country and his relations. His stay at Dumbarton was marked by many other supernatural signs and visions from God. He says, "On another night, whether in me or near me God knows, I heard eloquent words which I could not understand until the end of the speech, when it was said, 'He who gave His life for thee, is He who speaks in thee.' And so I awoke full of joy." (p. 592.) "And, again, I saw one praying within me, and it was as it were within my body, and I heard, that is above the inner man, and then he prayed earnestly with groans. And I was amazed at this, and marvelled and considered who this could be who prayed in me. But at the end of the prayer it came to pass that it was a Bishop, and I awoke. And I remembered that the Apostle said, 'The Spirit helpeth

the infirmity of our prayer, for we know not what we should pray for as we ought, but the Spirit Himself asketh for us with unspeakable groanings, which cannot be put in words.'” Rom. viii. 26. (p. 592.)

Altogether, his visit to his home was, in many ways, remarkable. After years of separation from religious persons and offices, he was once more in a Christian community. He could again join in the offices of the Church, and converse with her ministers. As his absence had been only six years, he may well have met with some survivors of the priests who had known him as a youth, whose advice he accuses himself as having thought so lightly of at the time. And they would wonder at the exalted degree of sanctity, at which he, a mere youth and a layman, had attained.

Though he was led by an interior light, and directed by a voice from above, still it was not merely a comfort but a great gain to him, to open his heart to a priest and receive from him human guidance and sympathy. Above all, it must have been an immense satisfaction to him, to assist once more at the daily Mass and receive the Holy Sacraments. All this, however, had no effect in inducing him to settle down quietly at Dumbarton amongst his friends: there was a voice perpetually reminding him of his high vocation, and urging him to take steps to carry it into effect. Yet how was this to be done? Who was to assist him to acquire the necessary education for his great and hazardous mission? The remembrance of his great uncle St. Martin had never faded away from his mind. When tending his sheep on the slopes of Mount Slemish, he had thought of the words in which his mother had described this great servant of God. He loved to think, in his own utter desolation, of the virtues which adorned St. Martin, of the influence he exerted over others, and of the reverence in which he was held. All these thoughts now returned upon his mind in full flow, and he soon formed a resolve to leave Britain, to make his way to Gaul



to the banks of the Loire, to throw himself at the feet of his venerable uncle, and beg him to be his guide and his helper.

There were, of course, many difficulties to be overcome. A long journey had to be undertaken. Travelling, except to persons of abundant means, was tedious, wearisome and hazardous. It is true that Britain, for a time, enjoyed comparative peace under the firm rule of Theodosius. After defeating Maximus, six years before, he had placed as Vicar in Britain an officer from the East, Chrysanthus, who protected the island from external foes and established internal peace. On leaving Britain, Chrysanthus was next made Governor of Constantinople, and then became a Bishop. This is a striking instance of the hold that Christianity had gained over men in high station at the end of the fourth century. We here see an official of the very highest rank exchanging his secular dignities for the work of a Bishop. I may advert to another fact illustrating the same point. When, a few years later, Constantine the Briton assumed the purple, and was hailed in Gaul as Emperor of the West, he took his son Constans, who had become a monk, from the cloister, and placed him at the head of an army he sent into Spain. These facts prove, beyond a doubt, that, at the time of St. Patrick's visit to Dumbarton, Britain was, to a very great extent, Christian. The sixth legion had its headquarters still at York, and the second had been removed from Caerleon in Monmouthshire to Richborough in Kent to confront the Saxons, who were yearly becoming more formidable. To St. Patrick, who had already traversed the wild country of the West of Ireland and the desert that lay between the Lune and the Clyde, the journey through Britain was not very formidable. But to reach his uncle's abode, he had to cross the sea and make a long journey by land through a district, which was fast slipping away from Roman rule and Roman civilisation. On this occasion, he would have no reason to avoid the Roman roads or military forts, and probably he would travel southward,

on the great Antonine road called the Tenth, which would bring him to *Bremetonacæ* (Ribchester), through *Mancunium* (Manchester), to *Deva* (Chester). Thus he would pass through Lancashire a second time. St. Patrick gives no details of this journey, but a passage of Probus seems to refer to it. "After twelve days in the company of the Gauls, he reached *Brotgalum*, going on from thence to *Trajectus*. Here, by the aid of the Christians, the blessed Patrick obtained his liberty, and having escaped, he arrived at Tours, and joined Martin the Bishop" (*Trias Thaumaturg*, p. 48). If this passage really refers to the journey of St. Patrick to Tours, and it is difficult to see to what else it can belong, it would appear that the saint spent twelve days at sea in a vessel manned by Gallic sailors. The port of embarkation is not mentioned, but as the voyage was of twelve days' duration, this would fall in very well with the supposition that he started from some port on the north-western coast, such as the *Portus Setantiorum* in Lancashire, or *Deva* in Cheshire. He finally reached the coast of Gaul at Bordeaux (*Brotgalum* or *Burdegala*). This is very much out of his direct course, being 200 miles more to the south than the mouth of the Loire; but this can be easily accounted for. It may be that the captain of the ship refused to land him at the former place; or, what is quite as likely, that the winds and waves of the Bay of Biscay made it more convenient for the ship to enter the Gironde and not the Loire. The saint seems then to have journeyed eastwards to *Trajectus*, situated on the Dordogne, about sixty miles from Bordeaux. He appears to have been under restraint, for Probus speaks of him making his escape from his companions, and then striking northwards for the city of Tours.

Again local traditions come to our aid, and associate in a most charming way the name of our saint with a well-known spot in western France. About twenty miles westward of Tours he reached the Loire. Here, on the slope of a hill not far from the Chateau de Rochette, is to be found the Commune of St. Patrice.

Its inhabitants record an ancient tradition, which, in its simplicity, is full of freshness and poetry. I am quoting from what might be supposed a most prosaic document "The Annals of the Society of Agriculture and Science of the Departement of Indre et Loire," vol. xxx., 1850, p. 70. It is given in the Appendix to Fr. Morris' excellent "Life of St. Patrick," and runs as follows:—"St. Patrick being on his way from Ireland to join St. Martin in Gaul, attracted by the fame of that saint's sanctity and miracles, and having arrived at the bank of the Loire, near the spot where the church now bearing his name has been built, rested under a shrub. It was Christmas time when the cold was intense. In honour of the saint the shrub expanded its branches, and shaking off the snow which rested on them, by an unheard-of prodigy, arrayed itself in flowers white as the snow itself. St. Patrick crossed the Loire on his cloak, and on reaching the opposite bank, another blackthorn under which he rested at once burst out into flowers." Since that time, says the chronicle, the two shrubs have never ceased to blossom at Christmas in honour of St. Patrick. (p. 172.)

The authority I have cited vouches sufficiently for the existence of the tradition, and it also gives a detailed statement of what occurs annually to this day at Christmas-time; and it appeals to the testimony of thousands who at the end of December in each year, are eye-witnesses of its repetition. The writer, Mgr. Chevallier, President of the Archæological Society of Touraine, says: "We have lately verified this circumstance with our own eyes, and we can vouch for its truth without fear of contradiction." . . . "The circulation of the sap which should be suspended in winter, is plainly revealed by the moist state of the bark, which easily separates from the wood which it covers. The buds swell, the flowers expand, as in the month of April, and cover the boughs with odorous and snow-like flowers, while a few leaves more timidly venture to expose their delicate verdure to the icy north wind. The tree is the *Prunus Spinosa*, the



blackthorn commonly called the sloe. This singular growth of flowers has been repeated every year from time immemorial. The oldest inhabitants of St. Patrice have always seen it take place at a fixed period of the year, no matter how severe the season may be ; and such has also been the ancient tradition of their forefathers. This year the flowers were in bloom from Christmas to the first of January, that is, at a time when the thermometer was almost always below freezing point. Although growing on the slope of a hill, this shrub is in no way sheltered from the north wind ; its branches are encrusted with hoar frost, the icy north-east wind blows violently amongst them, and it often happens that the shrub is loaded at one and the same time with the snow of winter and the snow of its own flowers."

The local devotion to St. Patrick is, as we might naturally expect, no new thing. We can trace it back to early in the eleventh century, and as it was not then introduced for the first time, we may reasonably suppose that it has existed ever since the saint's days. By a charter dated 1035, a nobleman named Archambauld makes over to the monks of the Abbey of Noyers, "a house and land adjoining the Church of St. Patrick, with all his rights as patron of the church and cemetery." This was before the invasion of England by William the Conqueror. Many years afterwards, in 1069, Archambauld had accompanied Foulque, Count of Anjou, in a military expedition, and he was mortally wounded in an attack on the Castle of Trebas. The brave old man was anxious that his pious gift to St. Patrick might stand good, and in his dying presence his son Andrew solemnly confirmed the donation. The style of the church tells us that it dates from the tenth or eleventh century.

It is truly wonderful that the footsteps of this lonely wanderer in strange and far distant lands should have thus impressed themselves on the very soil ; and that in countries as diverse as the shores of north-west Lancashire and the banks of the Loire, memorials should tell us of the Divine might that directed and

guarded this chosen vessel of God. When St. Patrick found himself on the northern bank of the Loire, he was on the Great Roman road from Angers to Tours (*via maxima*), and had but twenty miles to journey before reaching his destination. He arrived at length, perhaps footsore and toil-worn, at the precincts of the far-famed Monastery of Marmoutiers on the Loire, not far from the city of Tours (*Turones*), the see of his renowned great-uncle St. Martin.

'On his way he would be constantly sustained by the thought of his high vocation, and by the prospect of immediately entering on a direct preparation for it. No doubt it was late for him to resume the studies which had been so rudely interrupted, but he did not shrink from the drudgery of learning lessons which were familiarly known to most fairly educated boys. We have already seen that he felt his deficiencies in book learning to the end of his life, and that he never acquired facility in written composition nor the power of telling a well-ordered narrative of events. But his sense of his deficiency only served to increase his desire to commence his training in literature and the practice of a religious life.

ROBERT GRADWELL.

## In the Patrimony of Saint Cuthbert.

FAR away in the lonely northern seas, an island lay forgotten—waiting.

Not wholly forgotten, for the ruins it bore upon its quiet breast were visited from time to time by antiquaries, who carefully examined what remained of the ancient massive walls, the crumbled arches, the windows staring blank and wide at the tossing sea; who discussed every bit of moulding, and argued learnedly over dates and styles, the round Saxon arches, and the pointed arches of Henry the Second on the north and south walls. Artists came, too, who sketched the venerable ruins against their background of blue sky and sea, and which gave never a thought to the patient, skilful, loving hands who had left for them such a gracious legacy of beauty. Pic-nic parties came oftenest of all, and they were the worst of all, for they neither revered, nor studied, nor admired. To all of these the holy monks of Aidan and Cuthbert were no more than the bees who made the honey and then were smoked out of the hive that the idle and greedy should enter into their labours.

So the island waited for three hundred years—lonely, silent, forgotten. Lonely?—surely not. Had the gentle monks who lived, and prayed, and died there, the great saints whose presence lives there still—had they forsaken it, the cradle of the northern church? Have they not kept watch there through the centuries—sadly, lovingly, but hopefully, with the sorrow that endureth for a night, because of the joy coming in the



morning? Silent? When man is silent for God's honour, must not the very stones cry out to proclaim it? Have not the winds wailed their Kyries through empty windows, round broken corners, all through those three hundred years? Have not the winter storms thundered their Glorias and Credos till the arches have rung again and trembled at the majestic music? Have not the summer waves sung sweetly round, *sanctus, sanctus, sanctus*, and the echoes taken up the strain, *Pleni sunt cœli et terra gloria tua*, and the birds beneath the eaves, in joyous chorus, hailed Him who cometh in the name of the Lord; and then when night fell on the moonlit waters, night-wind and wavelet whispered together their blessing of peace?

And, after all, the night of weeping and waiting was not so very long; a little time of darkness and chilling cold, of pain, denial, oblivion; and then the spring came—the winter was over and gone, and the Bridegroom called to his Bride to lay aside her mourning. “Rise up, my love, my beautiful one, and come.”

On the 11th of August, 1887, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world was offered once more in the ruined abbey of Lindisfarne, on the very spot where, for nearly a thousand years, the daily sacrifice had not ceased, till three hundred years ago for the sins of the people it was taken away. On that glorious summer day, eight or nine thousand pilgrims wended their way along the Northumbrian lanes, chanting the rosary and the litanies whose echoes had slumbered so long amongst those lanes and hills that now heard their Ephphatha and awoke to praise the eternal, unchanging God. Barefoot through the salt, shallow water, they went on to St. Cuthbert's “ruined pile,” to honour there one of those mighty ones who being dead yet speak, whose bodies are buried in peace, but whose names live for evermore.

It was a lovely morning, with a touch of early autumn in that northern latitude; rapid shadows raced over the Cheviots' green flanks and the purple ridge of Simonside; the ripening corn

waved under the fresh wind ; the sea sparkled joyously, its glittering breast of sapphire blue flecked all over with white wave-crests. There was a little dust, but then pilgrims are not afraid to be travel-stained. We went by rail to Beal, but after that there was a long walk of five miles or more of dusty road, heavy sand, and wading over ankles in water ; and though no doubt the pilgrims, last before us on the road to Holy Island, suffered hardships on their way that would have reduced our thousands to units if they had been placed before *us*, it was not such an easy path by any means. I had been a little afraid that many of us might forget the sanctity of our errand, failing to realize that a pilgrimage in the nineteenth century, partly done by rail, with pilgrims dressed in summer prints, smart hats, good coats, and knickerbockers, was one with the pilgrimages of old with staff, scrip, and scallop shell ; would feel inclined to make a mere trip of the expedition, in fact. But I think I can answer for every one of the pilgrims that they were as fully impressed with the spirit of devotion as if they all carried staff and wallet and were clothed in gaberdines, or in the cross-blazoned armour of the Crusaders. We did our very best to be recollected ; we said the Litany in the train, I am quite sure, as devoutly as if we had been walking over all the rough roads of mediæval Europe with peas or anything else in our worn-out sandals.

At Beal we were almost dismayed to see the enormous crowds that the special train disgorged from Northumberland, Cumberland, Durham, and many more distant counties. There were far more of us than had been prepared for, but thanks to admirable arrangements, everything went without a hitch. Alas ! the moving spirit of it all—he who had so laboured and prayed to see this day—he who, living under the shadow of St. Cuthbert's stately Cathedral, had loved him so well, and had worked by loyal pen as by enthusiastic effort for his honour—he was with us only in the spirit to see the fruit of his labours and join in their fulfilment. Only a few weeks ago, Provost Consitt,

Vicar Capitular of the vacant diocese, was taken to his rest. Almost his last days on earth were spent in making arrangements for this pilgrimage, and then the days of his own pilgrimage were over, and he went on through the valley of the shadow of death to join St. Cuthbert and all the saints in Paradise. Few were there who did not remember him at the altar raised there by his efforts, in the ruined home of St. Cuthbert. May he rest in peace and reign for ever with the saints !

The road was lined with spectators : Protestants who, doubtless, came out of curiosity, not to scoff, I am sure, for they treated us with respectful if not sympathetic silence and kindness ; and I hope that many of those who thus came out to the wilderness to see, by the intercession of the glorious saint of their fathers may be drawn to follow even our poor faltering footsteps—for saints have trodden that way before, and we but set our feet in the footprints—until from the desert of unbelief they come into the one true fold of Christ.

From the station to the sands we went in carts ; not a very luxurious mode of travelling after all, and many did not even avail themselves of that. Lindisfarne is only a real island twice a day ; at low water it is divided from the mainland by three miles of sand, covered for the most part with shallow water. Arrived at the sands, we valiantly set off, meaning to accomplish our pilgrimage on foot as pilgrims should. It was very heavy work ploughing through all that soft sand, though the spirits of the old pilgrims must have smiled as they watched us that our nineteenth-century-nurtured flesh should have been so weak. To be in the immense crowd also was rather distracting, though from a little distance the scene must have been most beautiful and impressive. The "thin white line" of St. Dominic's choir boys from Newcastle, the black and white robes of the four or five Dominican friars, the solemn black shadows of the Benedictines, the waving white surplices of the secular clergy, and the great crowd, like Israel in the sandy desert, with



their banners of blue, red, green, and gold, waving over them; beneath and around, the pale golden sand, the shining sea, the deep blue sky, the green banks, and the blessed sunshine flooding it all. Softly rising and falling, mingled with the murmur of the receding tide, blown hither and thither by the gentle winds, the sweet old hymns floated along the shore: "Faith of our Fathers," "Hail Queen of Heaven," and the Litany. "Who are these, and whence come they?" the sea and the ruins might have asked of one another. "These are they, who, through much tribulation, have kept the faith, for which their fathers' robes were washed white in blood. These are they who, wandering long in darkness, have seen the blessed Light of Truth, and have come to it through sore trial and temptation, leaving father and mother, and wife and children, and all the world holds dear, and have bowed themselves at the lowly throne of the despised and rejected King of kings. And now they come, elder and younger, following in the footsteps of Cuthbert and Aidan, Oswald, Hilda, Wilfrid, and Oswin; and the hills of Northumbria clap their hands together, and the valleys of Tyne and Wear and Tees laugh and sing."

Alas for poor nineteenth-century coddled humanity! The water through which we must wade for nearly three miles was almost knee-deep, and our hearts sank within us at the prospect; but after all, we reflected, true pilgrims must not be too dainty to go barefoot. Off with shoes and stockings, and so through the water and straight into the middle of the middle ages. It was not half bad when the first step that costs was taken. The water was only pleasantly cool; once used to the unusual, it was very much pleasanter than ploughing through soft sand with hot aching feet, or having one's recollectedness jolted out of one over the quicksands in a springless cart. We reached dry land safe and sound, donned our *chaussure*, and then the procession formed.

Standing on the island shore, the choir began the Litany of the Saints. At the words *Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis*, the procession moved towards the ruins. There, standing in those solemn, beautiful ruins, whose echoes had awakened to no sound of prayer and praise till that blessed August morning, we sang "Faith of our Fathers! living still!"

Inside the ruins an altar was erected, on the very spot, under the empty fragment of east window, where Aidan and Cuthbert had said mass twelve hundred years ago, and their spiritual children through all the long centuries after them. The arrangements were very simple: only an awning over the altar to protect from possible rain, a few seats for clergy, and a very rudimentary attempt at a pulpit, a mere plank, just enough to raise the preacher to a visible elevation. Then mass was celebrated. There was of course no instrumental accompaniment, but St. Dominic's choir sang sweetly and devotionally, bearing witness to years of loving, ceaseless, artistic toil bestowed upon their training by one of the younger Fathers of the Order, removed from the care of them more than a year ago, whose work lives after him. The ruins were packed tight with people, and of course by far the greater number of pilgrims could not find a place within, but knelt and stood outside. Bishop Patterson of Chelsea preached a sermon, full of appreciativeness of our great Northumbrian saint. There were numbers of Protestants looking on—amongst them, to our great annoyance and distraction, for he was close beside us, a Protestant vicar arrayed in a yachting costume, with "Ariel" in gold letters on his sailor hat. With the proverbial tact of the zealous English Protestant in the presence of religious rites, he carried on a conversation with a Protestant lady beside me, in an ordinary conversational tone. It was very annoying at the most solemn part of the mass, the Elevation of the Host, to be forcibly made privy to the vicar's loud invitation to lunch, cold salmon being held out as a particular inducement.

Mass being over, the "Te Deum" was sung, the verses being chanted alternately by the choir and the whole body of the pilgrims. Very solemn, thrilling one even to tears was it, to praise in that holy place the glorious choir of the Apostles, and with them Aidan and Cuthbert, pioneers of the faith in Northern England: the admirable company of the Prophets, those who within those walls, century after century, had spoken of justice, temperance, and judgment to come: and then the multitudes of children this our mother had sent forth to swell the Martyrs' white-robed host. "O God, to us may grace be given to follow in their train!" With the hymn to St. Cuthbert, the ceremonies came to a close. There was not much time for inspecting the ruins and the island, for the tide was coming in, and all who would not be left upon the island for several hours must have cleared off by three o'clock. But we walked round the chancel walls, of old Saxon architecture, the massive Saxon pillars, and traced the cruciform outline of the church. It is all built of soft red free-stone, a material ill calculated to resist the storms of the wild north sea and the desolating hand of time. An arch of the central tower remains with its zig-zag moulding, such as you see in most Ante-Gothic churches. Hardly a fragment of the monastery remains, the very stones having been economically if not reverently used in the building of the common-place little Protestant temple and its adjacent vicarage. There is a fishing village on the island, and a castle built upon an inaccessible rock, a safe asylum for the peaceful monks when the heathen Danes came down upon them with fire and sword, breaking down their carved work with axes and hammers, and scattering the sacred relics to wind and sea. But for history I have not space, full and beautiful as is the past of Lindisfarne. Full and beautiful may the future be too!

May we look forward with prophetic eyes, and see in this day the link between the glorious and holy past and a glorious and holy future. May every English road and lane from this day forth



be worn by thronging pilgrim feet, come from east and west and south and north to honour our countless saints—Thomas of Canterbury, Edward the Confessor, Winifred, Frideswide, Wilfrid, Oswald, and all the hosts who have followed in their train—to Fisher, More, Campion, and all their blessed companions. Our whole English earth is hallowed with the footprints, often with the blood, of our saints. Holy is the Tower of London amidst the din of wharf and street: holy is Tyburn where the tide of life rolls unheeding past the pleasant park: for there have cohorts of martyrs passed to their crown. And holy, too, is our whole English land, for all over it have saints lived their holy lives and left their holy memories to be with us, their holy examples for us to follow. And so may the whole English nation, gathered from captivity in the strange unlovely lands outside the church, come up to Sion, one band of brotherhood, singing one hymn of thanksgiving, proclaiming with one voice the one Faith: "I believe in one God and the one Holy Catholic Church and Communion of Saints."

ALISON BUCKLER.

## Our Lady's Exile.

TWELVE years, and down on earth the time was long ;  
She was dreaming all alone in her leaf-framed bower,  
What time the limes and almonds were in flower ;  
Outside the casement was a white bird's song  
Ringing and clinging ; there was scent of spice  
From some far opening door in Paradise.

About her were magnolias, white and red,  
And palms like emerald flame went leaping up  
From the poor setting of an earthen cup ;  
Lilies grew pale, and roses crimsoned :  
At dawn a little angel like a child  
Brought them to her, and kissed her gown, and smiled.

Such heavenly visitants were often here,  
For this one brought her flowers, and that one fruit ;  
And here one sitting tinkled to his lute,  
Singing the songs the Lord Christ loves to hear ;  
And there one floated in the gathering gloom  
Like a flushed lily or a rose in bloom.

Across the sun His birds, the cherubim,  
Went flying home like distant flakes of light,  
And a late lark was scaling heaven's blue height,  
Seeking to trace the self-same path to Him ;  
Then the sun setting caught her robe's white fold,  
And lit her mournful eyes with sudden gold.

"How long?" she sighed. If but the door would swing,  
And Michael enter in his silvery mail,  
And the plumed helmet, where the ringed stars pale,  
And glow about his curled hair glittering,  
And lean to her, and place the torch a-lit  
In her tired hands that oft times longed for it.

No sign! the red hearts of the roses burned  
Love-lit; a fiery moon was in the sky,  
And the night-wind was trembling like a sigh;  
Faint and far-off the ringdoves yearned and mourned,  
And from the olives came a voice forlorn—  
That bird who leans her heart upon a thorn.

KATHERINE TYNAN.



## The Haydock Papers.

### The Flight from Douay.

“ That quiet land where, peril past,  
The weary win a long repose,  
The bruised spirit finds, at last,  
A balm for all its woes.”

*T. K. Hervey.*

*London, Aug. 14, 1793.* “ Dear Mother—We send before these few lines to diminish the surprise you possibly might receive from ye sudden and unforeseen arrival of your two most dutiful and loving children. You will hear ye reasons of our departure from Douay College, and receive ye satisfaction you could desire, when we are come to our beloved home, where we shall lay before you ye pressing urgencies which have forced us to cross the seas (very much against our will) and to return to Lancashire. We set out on our journey ye 5th of August, and arrived amidst ye congratulations of all our friends who were informed of our circumstances at London, Aug. 14th, from whence I have the pleasure to address this letter to you, most dear mother. Be pleased to make yourself, and other our friends and relatives, as easy as possible on our regard, for 'tis not on account of some silly whim or misdemeanour that we propose to make you this visit, but for causes which have not only prevailed on several before us to leave this troublesome habitation, but likewise have engaged one of ye professors (masters), called William Davies, a person of a very good character and advanced to ye order of deaconship, to undertake ye same journey in our company. But, dear mother, let this suffice for ye present, until we come in person to give you a more exact detail of this adventure. In

ye meantime we remain as before, and for ever, your ever dutiful and obedient sons—George Haydocke and Thomas Haydocke. P.S. We shall come down as soon as possible. We write this from ye apartment of J. P. Coghlan, who sends his kindest compliments (together with his wife's) to you and all friends."

In a correspondence with the late Very Rev. John Gillow, D.D., vice-president of Ushaw College, George Leo Haydock, dating from Penrith, Oct. 6, 1849, gives some details of his flight from Douay. He says that previous to his escape "five others tried and were taken to prison at Lisle for a fortnight, and then joined the rest of the college at Esquerchin till sent to Dourlens. Three of them set out before us and were stopt at the citadel for want of passports, and returning, put us on our guard; so we went behind and pretended to be fishing. Two more joined them, and proved unsuccessful. One of these was Francis Canning, of Foxcote, my schoolfellow. Another was John Rickaby, who was ordained deacon and priest with me in Lent, 1797, and Sept. 22, 1798, and died in the asylum at Manchester, Feb. 5, 1821, after being priest at Garstang and Nunnington awhile. W. Davies, deacon, left us at London, and went to Wales. We walked by Orchies, Tournay, then took the coach to Bruges, where the nuns [English canonesses of St. Augustine] entertained us two days, and lent us, I think, £5, to be repaid in London, as it was by me. We had no difficulties to encounter, only the English consul at Ostend would not believe but we were French, and when I told him my brother and I were born three miles from Preston, N. W., at the Tagg, he said he knew Preston but had not heard of that house, which I observed was not surprising. We found afterwards this General Haynes had carried a pack! He would not grant us a passport, so we ventured without one, and were never asked for one. Arriving at Dover we proceeded by coach to London, where we were entertained kindly for a week by J. P. Coghlan and his wife Elizabeth,

formerly Brown, a relation of ours from Clifton, where the present Bishop George Brown was born—and was my scholar along with Bishop W. Hogarth, from 1798 till 1803, during which I was master of all under poetry, and general prefect at Crook Hall. Towards the end of Aug., 1793, we visited our brother, James Haydock, lately fixed at Trafford House, and then walked home with him thirty miles. I remained at Tagg House till the end of November, when I was ordered to go with Thomas Penswick to Old Hall Green, where we arrived about the 3rd Dec. My brother Thomas seemed undecided, but afterwards went to Lisbon, and returned in the summer of 1795. I had left the College Nov. 3, 1794.”

In a letter dated Oct. 10, 1849, in answer to some further queries by Dr. Gillow, Mr. Haydock says—“Richard Broderick, just entering with me in high-philosophy under Bishop Smith or Rev. W. Wilds (still alive at London), Louis Havard, a Welshman, in low-philosophy, a year younger than I, and another student, were stopped at the citadel of Douai at 11 o'clock, and sent to inform us, and we advised them to try another road and join us at Tournay or Orchies, nine miles off. We went by the canal at the back of the citadel of Douai at 1 p.m., conducted well by a countryman who came to supply the College with faggots. He went a moderate distance before us, with his coat over his shoulder, till he came to a rising ground, when he crossed the high road and we put up our fishing rod and followed him through woods, seeing the guard for the last time, and presently coming among the Germans, expecting a battle shortly. We called upon the good old curate of Orchies, who had just returned to his house and feasted his friends. It was so late that I wondered how he could read his office. We wrote by our trusty guide to some at the College advising them to employ him. Soon after we left, it seems, John Rickaby, a *patriarch*, as we called him (about low-philosophy), and Francis Canning, my schoolfellow of the same age, in whose green coat I escaped,



as he had grown out of it, joined the three [mentioned above], and they had got within a mile of being out of the French dominions, when unluckily they had to pass through a village, and some soldiers drinking, demanded their passports, and took them to Lisle. I was informed that they were skulking behind a hedge, instead of going boldly, in separate twos or threes. I had no merit in planning our escape, but engaged in it very reluctantly, being in bad order for walking, as I was growing rather too fast at 19. My brother Thomas insisted on my going with him, and had money, etc. We left at the college about 50. Nearly 100 had escaped before, and of the 50, one half contrived to slip away on the road, or from Dourlens, a state prison where the students of Douai and St. Omer's were confined in October, till after the execution of Robespierre, when they were permitted to come with their goods to England. I lost nearly 200 vols., and only saved an *Imitatio Christi* (left me by my pupil Th. Murphy) and Boileau, which I have yet, and perhaps the fishing rod at Tagg House. . . . I must observe the nuns who were so kind to us at Bruges (where Mr. Davies had been lately ordained deacon) were Augustinians, and Mrs. Moore, a relative perhaps of the celebrated Sir Thomas More, was the reverend mother. I had a sister, Margaret Stanislaus, a nun at Louvain, of the same order, who is still alive, aged 82, at Spetisbury House, whom I visited thrice at Hammersmith in 1794 and never since."

In another letter to Dr. Gillow he says—"I never heard my brother James tell any of his adventures. I suppose he got a passport just in time. Mr. Peach [Rev. Edw.] also was too intent upon his studies to communicate what happened to him 4th Aug. Of the little boys who went the same day to St. Omer's, Thomas Murphy was my pupil, and had left me his rich furniture, which I had just put, with my books and pictures, in the best order, when my brother Thomas was so urgent for me to flee. I went to confession to Rev. Joseph Hodgson, and know

not whether it would not have been better for me to have remained. I should have saved, besides my catalogue since 1785, most of the Fathers, etc., nearly 200 vols., which at 19 I had scraped together with my little pocket money, and should have got more, probably, if my schoolfellows had not wasted a good deal in little theatrical attempts at scenery, in which once I was to act as parson, while one was to be hanged, and really was in some danger. Such things were, moreover, forbidden. I remember Rev. B. Rayment, prefect-general, seeing something of the kind going on, dashed his hand through a pane of glass to lay hold of an actor on guard in the philosophers' school. It was here, about this time, that Mr. Wilds called upon me to defend on so easy a subject as the existence of God, and I was almost dumb ! for we had heard the Jacobins were in the next house, and had threatened to break in and murder us all as aristocrats. I think our good master was as much under the Reign of Terror as myself."

The following is a catalogue of the last inmates of Douay College, drawn up by Dr. Gillow and sent to Mr. Haydock for revision, to which additions are made.

CATALOGUE FROM THE DOUAY DIARY FOR OCT. 1st., 1792, of  
THE LAST 103 MEMBERS OF DOUAY COLLEGE, WITH THE  
ASCERTAINED HISTORY OF EACH.

SENIOR PROFESSORS.

1. Rev. John Daniel, president, born at Durton, near Farnyhalgh, Lancashire, in 1745 ; liberated from prison, Feb. 25, 1795 ; installed president of the new College at Crook Hall, June 30, 1795, resigned within the octave to watch over the interests of the dissolved College, and died at Paris, Oct. 3, 1823, aged 77.

2. Rev. Joseph Hodgson, S.T.P., vice-president, and professor

of Divinity, born in the diocese of London, Aug. 14, 1756; liberated Feb. 25, 1795; served the missions of St. George's-in-the-Fields (now Southwark Cathedral), Castle-street, London, V. G. London District, and the Ladies' School at Brook Green Hammersmith, where he died Nov. 30, 1821, aged 65.

3. Right Rev. Wm. Poynter, S.T.P., prefect of studies, born at Petersfield, Hampshire, May 20, 1726; liberated Feb. 25, 1795; V.P. of Old Hall Green College, president in 1801, coadjutor bishop of London District, 1803, to which vicariate he succeeded in 1812; died Nov. 26, 1827, aged 66.

4. Rev. Thomas Smith, professor of natural philosophy, born at The Brooms near Ushaw College, Durham, Mar. 21, 1763; liberated Feb. 25, 1795; missionary in Durham, coadjutor bishop of Northern District, 1807, to which vicariate he succeeded in 1821: died at Ushaw College, May 30, 1831, aged 68.

5. Rev. Benedict Rayment, professor of moral philosophy, born at Worcester in 1764; withdrew Feb. 10, 1793; chaplain at Lartington Hall, missionary at York, V.G. Northern District, died at York, Mar. 23, 1824, aged 78.

6. Rev. Joseph Beaumont, *alias* Hunt, procurator, born at Stone Easton, Somerset, May 22, 1762; liberated Feb. 25, 1795; missionary at Usk, and Shortwood, retired in March, and died at Clifton, Dec. 1, 1838, aged 76.

7. Rev. Thomas Stout, prefect general; liberated Feb. 25, 1795; missionary at Thropton, Northumberland, where he died, May 26, 1828.

8. Rev. James Newsham, professor of rudiments, born at Lytham, Lancashire, in 1774; left before Oct 1, 1803; chaplain at St. Monica's convent, Louvain, O.S.A., at Crook Hall as a convict, died at Hammersmith, June 11, 1825, aged 51.

#### MINOR PROFESSORS.

9. Rev. William Wilds, professor of poetry, born 1768; liberated Feb. 25, 1795; chaplain to the Bavarian Embassy at



London, missionary at Warwick-street ; died in Upper John St., Golden Square, Jan. 18, 1834, aged 87.

10. Rev James Haydock, professor of grammar, born at The Tagg, Lancashire, 1746 ; withdrew Feb. 11, 1793 ; chaplain at Trafford, and missionary at Lea, where he died Apr. 25, 1809, aged 43.

11. Rev. William Henry Coombes, D.D., professor of rhetoric, born at Meadgate, Somerset, May 8, 1767 ; escaped Oct. 16, 1793 ; professor of divinity at Old Hall Green, and afterwards V.P., degree D.D. 1801, missionary at Shepton Mallett for 39 years, retired to Downside, in 1849, where he died Nov. 15, 1850, aged 84.

12. Rev. James Lancaster, deacon, professor of music, born in Lancashire, in 1765 ; escaped Oct. 12, 1793 ; ordained priest at York in Dec., 1793 ; missionary at Chester, had his leg amputated, went to Blackbrook mission in 1820, and died there Oct. 8, 1827, aged 62.

13. Rev. John Lea, deacon, professor of syntax ; escaped Oct. 12, 1783 ; ordained priest at Old Hall Green ; missionary at Warwick-street, London ; died May 13, 1839, aged 71.

14. George Simpson, layman, writing master ; left Aug. 4, 1793, yet his name appears in the list of prisoners at Dourlens.

#### SCHOOL OF DIVINITY.

15. Rev. Wm. David, 4th year, deacon, born at Usk, in Wales ; left Aug. 5th, 1793 ; ordained priest in England ; missionary at Chepstow till 1805, Dartmouth till 1814, and died at Chepstow, Dec. 30, 1814.

16. Rev. Wm. Croskell, 3rd year, deacon, born at Bulk, Lancashire ; liberated Feb. 25, 1795 ; ordained priest at York, Apr. 18, 1795 ; missionary at Linton, chaplain at The Bas Convent, York, again on the mission at Linton, and Durham, where he died, Feb. 19, 1838, aged 70. V.G. Northern District.

17. Rev. Thomas Berry, 3rd year, sub-deacon, native of

Lancashire; liberated Feb. 25, 1795; ordained priest at Crook Hall, Apr. 1, 1797; missionary at Culcheth, New Blundell, Cottam, 1826 till 1845, and Erick Crosby, where he died in 1851.

18. Rev. Robert Blacow, 3rd year, sub-deacon, native of Mowbreck, Lancashire; escaped Nov. 24, 1793; taught in Rev. Arthur Storey's School at Tudhor; ordained priest at Crook Hall, Dec. 23, 1794; taught in the school at Scholis Hall; missionary at Fernyhalgh from 1811 till death, Oct. 18, 1823, aged 56.

19. Rev. John Woodcock, alumnus 4th year, born at Preston; left Oct. 31, 1792; ordained priest at York in Dec. 1792; missionary at Egton Bridge and Wycliffe, Yorkshire, and Scorton, Lancashire, from whence he retired four months before his death at Newhouse, Feb. 12, 1837, aged 71.

20. Mr. George Taylor, alumnus 4th year, layman; left before Oct. 1, 1793; died at Bath about Christmas, 1813.

21. Rev. James Delaney, chr. 3rd year; liberated Feb. 25, 1795; ordained priest at Old Hall Green; missionary for 19 years after the Rev. T. White at Winchester; died Nov. 24, 1847.

22. Rev. John Bell, alumnus 2nd year, born at Snaith, Yorkshire; left, Nov. 8, 1792; tutor to the young Silvertops at Minster Acres, then prefect-general at Crook Hall, where he was ordained priest, Dec. 23, 1794, and was professor of rhetoric and poetry there till 1817; missionary at Sambsbury, Lancashire, till 1828, and after that at Kippay Park, Yorkshire, whence he retired and died at Selby, May 31, 1854, aged 87.

23. Mr. John Baims, alumnus 3rd year, native of Lancashire; left Nov. 8, 1792; said to have married in France; died in or near Liverpool.

24. Rev. Wm. Beacham, alumnus 3rd year; left Feb. 11, 1793; ordained priest at Old Hall Green; chaplain in Kent, where he died.

25. Mr. Nicolas Woodcock, alum. 3rd year, layman, born at Preston; left Oct. 31, 1792; tradesman in Preston, where he died.

25. Rev. James Worswick, alum. 3rd year, born at Lancaster ; escaped Oct 11, 1793 ; ordained priest at York, April 18, 1795 ; missionary at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he died May 6, 1843, aged 72.

27. Mr. Charles Thompson, chr., 3rd year, layman ; escaped Jan. 15, 1794.

28. Mr. Robert Freemont, alum. 2nd year, layman ; native of London ; left Aug. 4, 1793 ; pursued his studies at Old Hall Green.

29. Mr. John Dowling, alum. 2nd year, layman ; liberated Feb. 25, 1795.

30. Rev. John Law, alum. 2nd year ; date of leaving not ascertained ; ordained priest at Old Hall Green ; missionary at Ingleston, Essex.

31. Rev. John Lingard, alum. 1st year, born at Winchester Feb 5, 1771 ; left Feb. 21, 1793 ; tutor to William, Lord Stourton ; professor and vice-president at Tudhor, Crook Hall, and Ushaw College ; ordained priest at York, May 6, 1795 ; left Ushaw College for the mission at Hornby in Sept. 1811 ; D.D., 1821 ; the historian of England ; died at Hornby, May, 17, 1851, aged 80.

32. Rev. John Bowland, alum. 2nd year ; left in Mar., 1793 ; ordained priest at Old Hall ; missionary at Reading, Berks, Easbourne, and Petworth, Sussex.

33. Mr. Christopher Dulin, alum. 2nd year, layman ; left Feb. 18, 1793.

34. Rev. Edward Peach, alum. 1st year, native of Gloucestershire ; left Aug. 4, 1793 ; ordained priest at Old Hall Green ; chaplain to Fortescue Turvill, of Bosworth, Leicestershire, Esq., for ten years, missioner at Birmingham from 1807 till his death, Sept. 8, 1839, aged 69.

35. Rev. John Devereux, alum. 1st year ; escaped Oct. 16, 1793 ; ordained priest at Old Hall Green ; missioner at White-street and Moorfields, London, and died at Paris, Apr. 10, 1838.



36. Rev. Charles Saul, alum. 1st year, native of Yorkshire; escaped Oct. 12, 1793; pursued his studies at Old Hall Green and Crook Hall; ordained priest at Crook Hall, where he was prefect-general, and master of all under poetry; missionary at Carlisle from 1798 till Christmas, 1800, and Bishop Thornton till death, June 5, 1813, aged 46.

#### NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

37. Rev. Richard Thompson, born at Wigan in 1772; escaped Nov. 24, 1793; pursued his studies at Old Hall Green and Crook Hall; ordained priest at Crook Hall, Apr. 1, 1797; missionary at Manchester, and Wild Bank, near Chorley, where he died Dec. 30, 1841, aged 69; V.G. of the Lancashire district.

38. Rev. John Clarkson, born at Erinsargh, Lancashire; escaped Nov. 24, 1793; ordained priest at Old Hall Green; missionary at Ingatestone, Essex; died Feb. 13, 1823.

39. Rev. Thomas Gillow, born at Singleton, Lancashire, in 1769; escaped Oct. 12, 1793; pursued his studies at Old Hall Green and Crook Hall; ordained priest at the latter college, Apr. 1, 1797; professor at Crook Hall; chaplain to the Claverings at Callahy Castle, Northumberland; missionary at North Shields from 1821 till death, Mar. 19, 1827, aged 87.

40. Thomas Haydock, layman, born at The Tagg, Lancashire, Feb. 21, 1772; left Aug. 5, 1793; pursued his studies at the English College at Lisbon and at Crook Hall; eminent printer and publisher at Manchester and Dublin; died at Preston, Aug. 25, 1859, aged 87.

41. Thomas Cook, layman; left before Oct. 1, 1793; pursued his studies at Old Hall Green; kept a shop at London a while.

42. Edward Monk, layman, a native of Lancashire; escaped Oct. 16, 1793; pursued his studies at Old Hall Green and Crook Hall; living in 1859.

43. Joseph Montgomery layman; left Oct. 20 1792.

44. Timothy Duggan, layman ; left Jan. 21, 1793.
45. John Hall, a Protestant, layman, left Feb. 11, 1793.
46. Joachim Oliveira, layman, left Feb. 21, 1793.

## MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

47. Rev. Richard Broderick, a native of London; liberated Feb. 25, 1795 ; ordained priest at Old Hall Green in 1799 ; missionary at Lincoln's-inn-fields above thirty years, and died Oct. 26, 1831.
48. James Harrison, layman, born at Garstang Lancashire; liberated Feb 25, 1795.
49. Right Rev. Thomas Penswick, born at the Manor-House, Ashton-in-Makerfield, in 1772 ; escaped Oct. 12, 1793 ; pursued his studies at Old Hall Green and Crook Hall, at the latter of which he was ordained priest, Apr. 1, 1797 ; missionary at Chester in 1797, and afterwards in Liverpool; consecrated, in 1824, at Ushaw College, bishop of Europum, coadjutor to Dr. Smith, V.A. of the Northern District, to which he succeeded in 1831 ; died at the house of his brother, Randal Penswick, Jan. 28, 1836, aged 63, and was buried at Windleshow.
50. Rev, George Leo Haydock, born at The Tagg, Lancashire, Apr. 11, 1774; left Aug. 5, 1783; pursued his studies at Old Hall Green and Crook Hall, at the latter of which he was ordained priest, Sept. 22, 1798, and was prefect-general and professor of all under poetry for four years and a half ; went to the mission at Ugthorpe in 1803, Whitby in 1816, Westby in 1830; withdrew to The Tagg, Cottam, for eight years and a quarter; missionary at Penrith from 1839 till death, Nov. 29, 1849, aged 75, exactly seven days after he had revised this catalogue.
51. John Canning, layman; born at Forcote, Warwickshire, in 1775 ; escaped Jan. 16, 1794 ; died in the East Indies in 1824.
52. William Lucas, layman ; escaped Nov. 24, 1793 ; pursued his studies at Old Hall Green ; entered the army, and settled in Birmingham.

## RHETORIC.

53. Rev. Lewis Havard, born at Devynook, Co. Brecon, Apr. 12, 1774; liberated Feb. 25, 1795; ordained priest at Old Hall Green in 1800; missionary at St. Mary's, Westminster, till his retirement to Brecon, where he died with his nephew, the Rev. Lewis Havard, junior, Apr. 2, 1858, aged 84.

54. Rev. John Rickaby, born near Wycliffe in Yorkshire; escaped Oct. 17, 1793; pursued his studies at Tudhor and Crook Hall, at the latter of which he was ordained, Sep. 22, 1798; missionary at Garstang, Lancashire, Nunnington, Yorks, and died in the asylum at Manchester, Feb. 5, 1821.

55. Andrew O'Callaghan, layman, a native of Chester; left Oct. 20, 1792.

56. Wm. Barry, layman; left Feb. 18, 1793.

57. Charles Sims, layman; liberated Feb. 25, 1795.

58. Maurice O'Connell, layman, born at Carhen, Ireland, in 1776; came from St. Omer's College in 1792; left Jan. 21, 1793; entered the British army, and died on the expedition to St. Domingo.

59. Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator, born at Carhen, Ireland, Aug. 5, 1775; left Jan. 21, 1793; died at Genoa, May 15, 1847, aged 71.

## POETRY.

60. Arthur Clifford, layman, born in 1777; liberated Feb. 25, 1795, died at Winchester in 1830.

61. Rev. Joseph Swinburne, a native of Northumberland; liberated Feb. 25, 1795; ordained priest at Crook Hall, Apr. 3, 1800; missionary at Hedon, Yorkshire; retired and died at Hull, Dec. 7, 1865, aged 71.

62. Wm. Stourton, 17th Baron Stourton, born at Allerton Park, Yorks, June 6, 1776; left Feb. 21, 1793; died Dec. 4, 1846, aged 80.



63. Nicholas Kirwan, layman ; left Jan. 21, 1793.
64. Thomas Pitchford, a native of Norwich; left Jan. 21, 1793; ordained at Old Hall Green; missionary at Snaith and York, chaplain to Miles Stapleton, Esq. ; died at York, July 30, 1808.
65. Stephen Phillips, layman ; escaped Jan. 15, 1794; tutor at the 10th Baron Petre's; married his daughter, Apr. 30, 1805, against the wishes of the family, and both had to work for a living.
66. Richard Davis, layman; liberated Feb. 25, 1795.
67. Rev. Thomas Lupton, born at Poulton-le-Fylde, Lancashire; escaped Jan. 16, 1794; pursued his studies at Tudhor and Crook Hall; ordained priest at the latter, Apr. 3, 1800; missionary at Manchester, Newhall, and Garswood; died Apr. 29, 1843.
68. Lewis Clifford, layman; liberated Feb. 25, 1795.
69. John Bates, layman; escaped Jan. 16, 1794.
70. John Eldridge, layman; escaped Jan. 16, 1794; pursued his studies at Old Hall Green; schoolmaster at Birmingham till death, June 13, 1831.
71. George Aylmer, layman; left Nov. 20, 1792.
72. John Frankland, layman; left in Jan., 1793.
73. Edward Beck, layman; left Oct. 31, 1792.
74. Francis Hay, native of Brittany; went to Paris Nov. 16, 1793; ordained priest and on the mission in Brittany in 1817.

## SYNTAX.

75. Rev. Thomas Dawson, native of Yorkshire; escaped Jan. 16, 1794; pursued his studies at Tudhor and Crook Hall; ordained priest at Durham from Crook Hall, Dec. 17, 1803; took charge of the mission at Lytham in 1804, went to Croston in 1829, and died at Mawdesley, Lancashire.
76. Vincent Eyre, layman; born in Derbyshire in 1774; left Oct. 20, 1792; high sheriff of Derbyshire; died in 1851.
77. John Smith, layman: left Feb. 11, 1793.

78. Robert Dale, layman ; left Jan. 8, 1793.

79. Rev. John Bradley, native of Lancashire ; escaped Jan. 16, 1794 ; pursued his studies at Tudhor and Crook Hall ; ordained priest at the latter, Dec. 4, 1802 ; missionary at Yarm.

80. Rev. Thomas Storey, native of Yorkshire ; escaped Jan. 16, 1794 ; pursued his studies at Tudhor and Crook Hall ; ordained priest at the latter, Dec. 4, 1802 ; succeeded Geo. Leo Haydock as prefect-general and professor at the college ; missionary at Stockton, where he died.

JOSEPH GILLOW.

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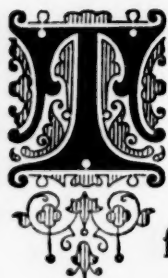
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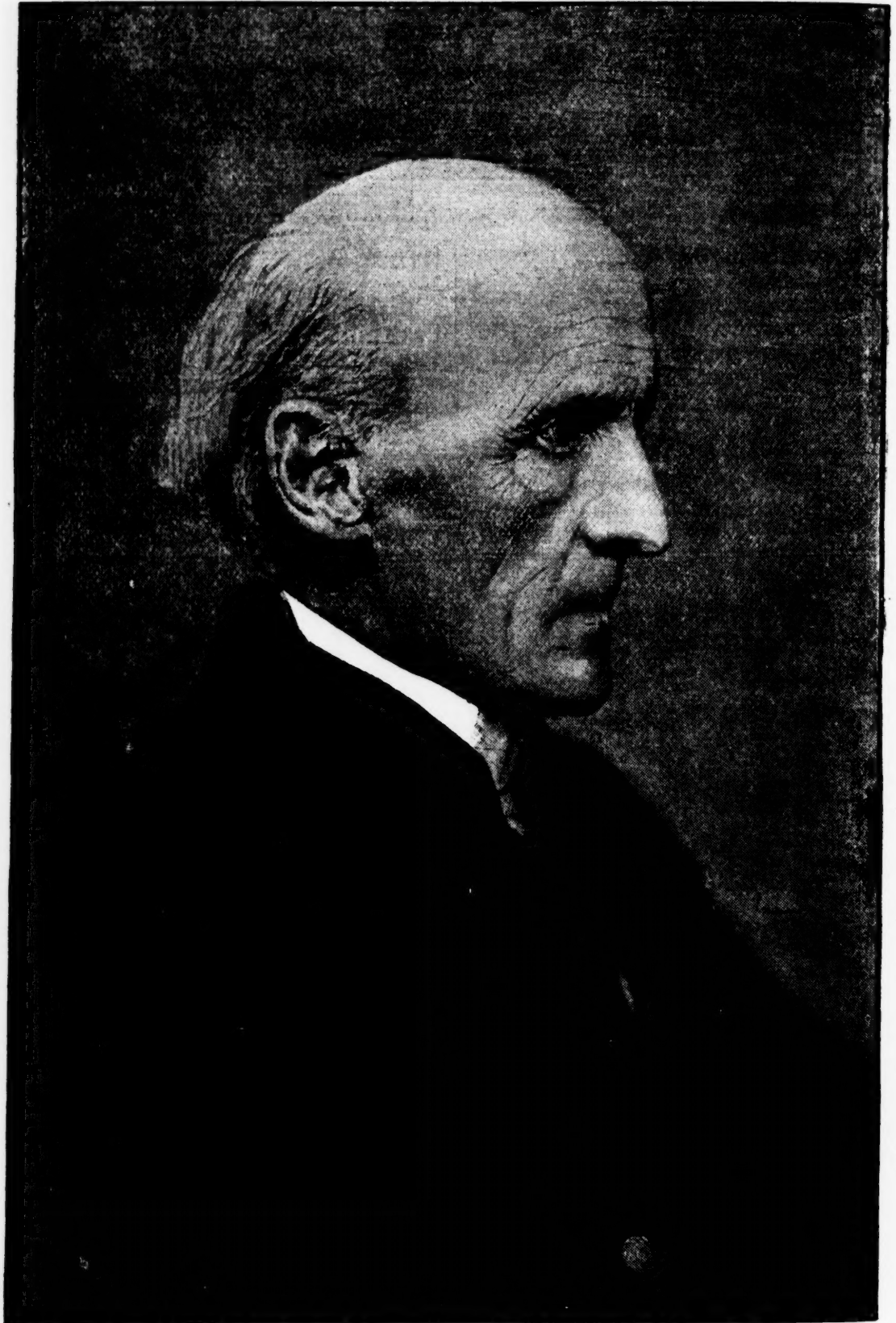
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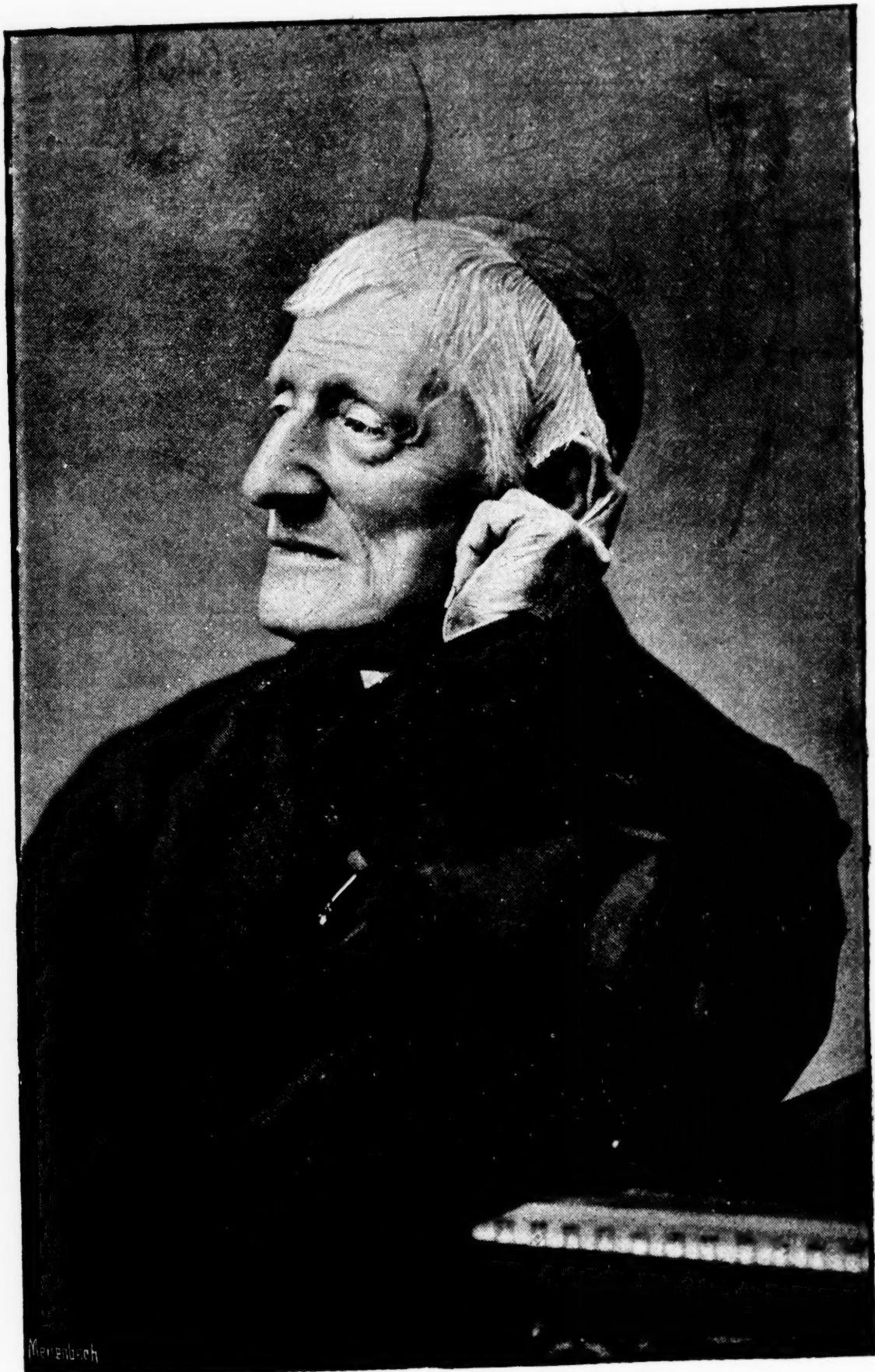
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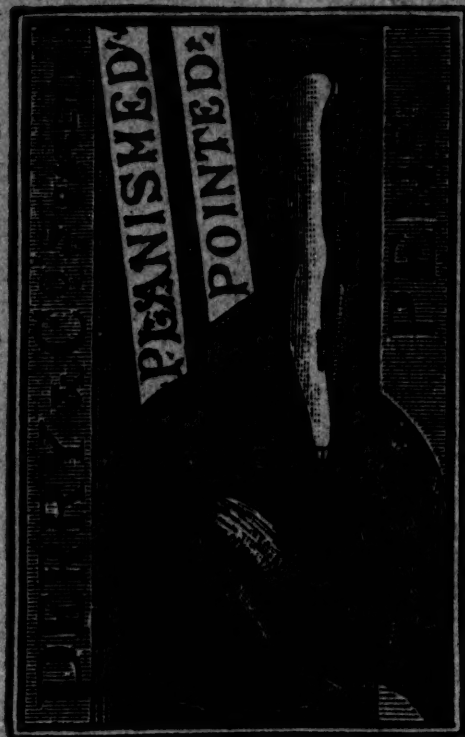
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